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RECENT JOURNEY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

It was in the autumn of the year 1824 that I determined on revisiting Buenos Ayres, after an absence from it of four years; and, as there are two very different modes of travelling thither from Mendoza, where I had been for some time sojourning, I chose that which my inclination for novelty and adventure, rather than my desire for ease and convenience, pointed out: for the traveller who pays too much deference to the undeniable attractions of these latter, will be pretty sure to miss much of that spirit-stirring excitement in which the main pleasure and advantages of travel, both actual and prospective, consist. The two modes of travelling to which I have alluded are, by the regular post road, and by the Ox-carts which traverse the vast and pathless Pampas. It will be readily conjectured, from what I have hinted above as to my turn for deviating from the beaten track, that the latter of these modes of reaching my destination was the one I chose.

In performing this journey by the ox-carts, it is customary for many parties to unite, and start at the same period; keeping together as one body during the whole journey: for without this precaution (and sometimes even with it) the traveller is not safe from the attacks of the roving Indians who infest many portions of the route, and particularly the Pampas themselves.

The equipage which I engaged for my exclusive use was simply a two-wheeled cart, drawn by six oxen.

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The cart consisted of a frame of timber, of which the pole or perch was twenty-four feet long, and nine inches square, of very hard massive wood, and not unlike, in size and weight, the beam of a house. The two side pieces were of the same form, but only thirteen feet long. On this frame was erected a rude tilt of sticks, arched at the top, and seven feet high; the sides being closely thatched with rushes, and the top covered with raw hide, so as to be quite impervious to the weather. Under this monstrous erection was placed an axle of lance wood, lashed to the bottom with raw hide; the spindle arms being about two feet six inches long, and eight inches thick. The wheels of this vast machine were of corresponding dimensions, being about nine feet high, and with massive naves and fellys, and put together (notwithstanding the rudeness of the tools employed in the work) in a manner that would not have disgraced an English wheelwright. Behind the car was lashed an earthen water jar, holding twenty-five gallons; and underneath, a spare axle, fellys, spokes, &c., in case of accident.

The oxen were yoked to the cart two and two, by thongs of raw hide, the foremost yoke being not less than fourteen feet distant from the pole; and the whole of them were managed by a driver sitting in front of the machine, and directing the animals by means of two goads; the one of great length and slung to the roof of the

cart, the other much shorter, and used only for the wheel oxen. The drivers pique themselves greatly on their skill in the use of these goads, which consist of light cane and willow wands, armed with iron points, and bound from heel to point with pack thread, rubbed over with blood by way of ornamental varnish: they are also sometimes adorned with feathers, &c.

I have been thus particular in describing my vehicle, because, in placing one of them before the reader, I make him acquainted with the exact character of the whole sixteen of which our caravan consisted. For this conveyance, I engaged to pay 120 dollars for the journey from Mendoça to Buenos Ayres—a distance of three hundred leagues: and, for the additional sum of a few dollars, I was to be supplied with a riding horse or mule, whenever I chose that mode of conveyance.

Before starting, I should mention, that the crew of these *land ships*, as they are called, ("*Barcos de Tierra*,"") consisted simply of the driver of each cart; a general director or bailiff (called a *Capataz*;) a supercargo; a carpenter; four men called *Boyeros*, whose duty it was to attend to the oxen during the halts, and collect them together when needed; and lastly, three *Manseros*, or Muleteers, to perform the same office to the horses and mules. The passengers on this occasion (including four mulatta girls who had been purchased as slaves by some residents of Buenos Ayres) made our company amount, in all, to forty-three persons.

It was on a fine sunshine morning, the 20th of August, 1824, that our troop started from Mendoça. The scene was an interesting one. The friends of all the party were present, waving hands and handkerchiefs, pronouncing and receiving farewells, pressing forward to deposite little presents and remembrances, and exhibiting the numerous tokens of interest and anxiety which a long, and in some respects hazardous journey, so na-

turally excites. As for myself, my cart was presently so loaded with tokens of good-will from my Mendoça friends, that I was at last obliged to decline receiving any more.

Our line of march occupied about a quarter of a mile in length; for, besides the oxen attached to the carts, there were many spare ones intended to supply the place of any that might fall lame, and also a considerable number of bulls to supply food for our company, which the *entrepreneurs* of the troop engaged to furnish during the whole journey, the drivers and other *employés* eating nothing whatever but beef, without vegetables, bread, or even salt. So that, including horses and mules, we were attended, at starting, by not less than two hundred and thirty head of cattle.

At first, we got on very indifferently, from the draught oxen being fresh from grass, and consequently somewhat wild and unmanageable. So that during the first day, we did not advance more than four leagues from the town. I was not long in discovering that I had done well in providing the means of riding on horseback; for I found that the cart I had engaged was useless except as a baggage waggon, on account of the almost unbearable violence of the motion, occasioned by the rudeness of its construction. On the second day, our troop was in motion long before sunrise; and I was struck with the remarkable skill with which each driver singled out, and caught his own set of oxen, notwithstanding the darkness which prevailed. Our road, during the second day, lay through a sandy desert covered with coarse shrubs; and at night-fall, we had not made more than four additional leagues in advance. But after the third day, our progress increased; for we now began to travel during the night also; proceeding for four hours regularly, and then resting for one hour. The only sleep I was able to procure during the actual journey was at these brief periods of halting, except when I chose to ride forward in advance of

the troop, and lay down to snatch a few minutes rest till they reached me.

On the third evening we slept at the village of Retamo; and from this time the rate of our progress increased to about ten leagues in the twenty-four hours. From Retamo to San Luis, we met with the air-plant in great abundance (*Flor del Ayer*) growing on the low scrambling bushes and shrubs with which this whole district abounds. On the night of the 27th of August, we rested in the middle of a most beautiful wood of *chanar* trees; and nothing could be more picturesque and romantic than the appearance of our whole troop, shown by the light of the numerous fires which blazed everywhere about us. The golden colored bark of the *chanar* trees reflected the lights which flickered upon its shining surface; and as the various groups of our party lay reclining beside the fires, in their striking and singular costumes—each group being partially hidden from the rest by the stems of the numerous trees which embowered and surrounded us on all sides—the whole presented the semblance of a scene in some romantic melo-drame, or of a horde of banditti carousing after some perilous enterprise. The ground was covered here and there with patches of a thick heath, which served us as couches to rest on; and as the night was warm, we here spent the most agreeable hours since the commencement of our journey.

On the next day, the 28th, we reached the banks of the great river Desaguadero, and nothing could be more striking than the contrast which presented itself to the scene just described. The place seemed the very abode of barrenness. It reminded me of the Dead Sea shores, or the fabled banks of the infernal river itself. No vestige of pasture, or of any green thing, grew on the precipitous banks of this forlorn stream; the black, deep, and salt waters of which went rushing hoarsely along, at a depth of twenty feet below where we stood. On our appearance, a few

wretched huts ejected from their doorways about a dozen squalid looking human beings, in the garb of women, whose coarse black elf-locks streaming down their backs, and their yellow cadaverous countenances, reminded me of those horrifying beings conjured up on the "blasted heath" with which (like the present) they were so strictly in keeping, and which

"Looked not like inhabitants of earth,
And yet were on it."

They had nothing to offer us for sale; nor did there appear to be any means of their furnishing even themselves with subsistence, not even a root or a vegetable; nothing but a few half-starved goats, which looked as miserable as their keepers. Even the sun itself seemed to "disdain to shine" upon this realm of wretchedness and gloom. Close at hand lived the ferryman, whose appearance and bearing completed this singular scene. The sight of him and his dwelling, at once realized in my mind a description I have somewhere read of "*Felon Care*." Suspicion was in every look and accent, and sordid grasping avarice seemed to hold possession of his whole soul. On entering the dark den which formed his dwelling, we found the centre occupied by a round solid table, like a butcher's chopping block. Besides this, nothing was clearly distinguishable on account of the almost impenetrable darkness; but in one corner I thought I could perceive the remnant of a broken musket. His ferry-boat was formed by two canoes lashed together, and surmounted by a stage about twenty feet long.

On the 31st of August we reached San Luis de la Punta, in which abode of ruin and desolation we were detained three days. This is one of the most wretched places that can be conceived as the abode of men. It does not contain a single white-washed building; the Plaza is in ruins; the Cathedral fallen to the ground; and though the Piazza still stands in front of the Town-Hall, the roof which connected it with the main building no longer exists but as a mass of ru-

ins—among which, a solitary sentinel paces slowly, backwards and forwards, and seems to increase by his appearance, rather than dissipate, the desolation of the scene.

On the third day from the period of our entering San Luis de la Punta, we sallied forth from it, and by nightfall reached the banks of the beautiful Rio Quinto, where we rested. On the following morning, instead of keeping with the general troop, I rode on a-head, in company with the supercargo, a respectable and intelligent young man, named Blas Valdor. Passing an isolated mountain called El Morro, we reached the Portezuelo; and here there opened upon our view a most beautiful grassy plain, extended interminably on every side as far as the eye could reach, and free from a single bush, shrub, or any other object whatever to intercept the view; except that on a rising ground, just at the verge of the horizon, we could distinguish a human dwelling, which proved to be the house of a wealthy landholder, with whose agreeable family we spent three days.

Quitting this hospitable roof, we reached, on the 9th of September, the Villa del Rio Quinto, the cultivated lands appertaining to which town are irrigated by the beautiful river from which it takes its name. This place is within the jurisdiction of Cordova, and contains a population of four thousand souls.

On the 13th of September we reached the Punta Del Sauce, a most wretched town situated on the river Quarto, and forming the frontier line of the Indian territories, called Las Pampas, an uninhabited plain, forty leagues in breadth, extending from the Rio Saladillo to Melinque. During the whole route from San Bernardo hither, we had been infested almost incessantly by flights of locusts, so numerous that they sometimes literally intercepted the light of the sun—throwing a shadow upon the ground as if a dense cloud was passing. They rose in almost unbroken masses before our horses' feet as we galloped onwards,

and we were compelled to cover our faces with our *ponchos*, to ward off the blows, which might otherwise have proved seriously injurious, especially if they had struck the eyes—for the locusts were of great size and weight. The town of Punta del Sauce we found in a most ruinous condition, consequent on repeated attacks of the Indians for purposes of plunder; but still, it was not without an appearance of considerable activity arising out of the commercial pursuits of the inhabitants. It contained no less than six shops for the sale of European goods of various kinds—for which returns are made in mare and other hides. A shop (or *pulperia*) in the Pampas is distinguishable from a great distance in every direction, by means of a flag which is fastened to a high pole stuck in the ground, as a sign. The governor of this town was a brave young man, who had fifty militia under his command, at the head of whom he occasionally scoured the country in a circle of a hundred miles, on the look-out for the roving Indians with which these plains are infested. Though these expeditions sometimes last for more than a month, the party take with them provisions for the two first days only; trusting for the future supply to the wild animals they may be able to take as they proceed. The flesh of ostriches is that which they prefer before any other; then that of mules; after that, of horses and mares; and lastly that of deer. Black cattle are never to be met with in these plains; but sometimes (though rarely) a lion is killed, and its flesh looked upon as delicious food. At this town we observed a ruined mud fort, mounted with a one pound swivel, but so honey-combed as to threaten much more danger to the firer than to the party aimed at. There was also a long four pounder lying on the ground, but useless from having been spiked in the war of the Montenero.

On leaving Punta del Sauce all population ceases; except that you meet with here and there a scattered hut, called a *Puesto*, inhabited by men

who gain an uncertain living by hunting the wild mares of the Pampas, and killing them for their hides. These people may be described as resembling the Back-woodsmen of North America. They are continually shifting their habitation, as the prey of which they are in search becomes scarce; and they seldom follow this wandering mode of life for any great length of time; always abandoning it as soon as they have gained a little money to purchase cattle and commence breeding them in another situation. But to begin even this first occupation of mare-killing, it is necessary to be possessed of a herd of about two hundred tame horses and mares, all of which are trained to follow a bell fastened to the neck of the most docile among them—which is hence called *Madrina*. Two or more *Gauchos* having joined their stock of horses together, they erect a mud house on the open waste, and thatch it on the top with rushy grass; after which they procure from a great distance, and by almost incredible labor, a quantity of wooden palisades, with which they form a *corral*, or penfold, of great size. Their stock in trade being thus established, they set out from their new home to scour the country; taking little or no material for subsistence with them, but depending on their own skill in procuring it for themselves when needed. They are frequently absent on these expeditions for a month together; never sleeping under a roof during all that time, and their food the flesh of wild animals, and a little brackish water. Their mode of taking the wild mares of which they are in search is very simple, and attended by little difficulty. On encountering a herd of wild horses they drive their own troop of tame ones among them, and the two soon become, as it were, incorporated together. The whole are then driven in one body towards the *Puesto*, and on reaching it are made to enter the enclosures of palisades; where the wild mares are posed one by one, with the *lazo*, and

dragged outside to a short distance, where they are slaughtered, and their hides taken off—the carcasses being left to be devoured by the vultures, caranchos, and other birds of prey, which are always present in vast numbers in the immediate vicinity of these loathsome shambles. Before quitting this subject, it should be mentioned, that all the young horses which are found among the mares caught in the manner above described, are immediately broke to the saddle, by main force as it were, in the course of about two days; and the hides of the mares, after being dried in the sun, are sold at the nearest town for about half a dollar each. The purchaser, when he has collected a sufficient number together, sends them in carts to Buenos Ayres, where they produce from six *reals* to a dollar each.

About this point of our journey it was hourly to be expected that the wild Indians would make their appearance. At Punta del Sauce, therefore, our supercargos had engaged with an active Cordovese *Gaucha*, and a gigantic Negro, both of whom were well acquainted with the country, and who were to keep a constant look-out in advance of the troop, in order to prevent a surprise from these roving marauders. The tract of country over which we now had to pass was one level plain, entirely covered with pasture; and on the 20th we crossed a deep stream called Saladillo, and entered upon the Indian territory. Having filled our water-jars at the above-named stream—which was of a brackish taste—we now travelled day and night, with the least possible intermission—as it was considered unsafe to linger a moment longer than was necessary in these rude and inhospitable wilds. Our chief occupation by day was running down or shooting the fallow deer—a sport which took a most animated character from the nature of the ground over which we were passing; and in these beautiful plains the game is extremely abundant. This sport was sometimes varied by that of snaring partridges—

with which game the plains also abounded. This we effected by means of horse-hair nooses, fixed to the end of long canes. Another practice was, to ride round in a circle swiftly, decreasing the extent of the circle, till the bird became literally bewildered and giddy by its efforts to escape, and at last suffered itself to be approached near enough to kill it with a riding-whip.

During the eight days that were occupied in crossing the Pampas, I found it scarcely possible to get an hour's sleep, either by night or day. The only means by which I could effect it at all were, by riding forward in advance of the troop for some distance, and then dismounting, fling myself into one of the deep wheel ruts, which sheltered me from the cold winds, still retaining my horse's bridle in my hand. On these occasions, instead of being awakened by the creaking and lumbering of the carts, as they passed me, I was pretty sure to sleep till these sounds ceased, and then to awake by the absence of the noise—as the miller is said to do when his mill stops. One night, however, when I had been unusually oppressed by sleep, I found, on awaking, that the carts were out of sight and hearing. At first I was not at all alarmed, and springing on my horse, thought to regain my company in a few minutes. Not coming up with them as soon as I expected, I looked up to the heavens, and found that the constellation Orion was on the wrong side of me. I therefore quickly retraced my course; but it was full an hour before I regained my companions. If it had been a cloudy night I should assuredly have lost my road altogether, and in all probability have remained several days without meeting with any assistance in regaining it. Indeed, more than one European has been lost in these extensive solitudes, and died from starvation.

On these extensive plains I frequently had occasion to observe the singular effect of the "mirage," described by travellers over the Arabian

deserts; and several times our whole company were deceived by it. On one occasion I perceived before me, apparently at the distance of about a mile, two low trees, of singular appearance, which I turned to inquire the name of, and found that they were called *Los Quebrachos*; but on turning the next instant to look at them again, there was no such object within sight. At first I could not believe my senses, but was informed that the occurrence was quite a common one. And in fact the trees themselves were, as I afterwards found, at a distance of about two leagues from us at the time I saw the illusive appearance, and were completely hidden from actual view by an undulation in the surface of the ground. The explanation of this phenomenon is now well known, and need not be more particularly referred to. But another curious instance of the effects of the mirage is worth relating. One morning, about eleven o'clock, we suddenly perceived, at a considerable distance ahead, what we conceived to be the figure of an Indian, and as there was little doubt that we should soon see a party of them approach us with hostile intentions, we did not wait for the appearance of more, but instantly prepared to meet their attack. This was done by, in the first place, arresting the progress of all the carts, and causing them to be drawn up in a double line, so as to serve as a sort of fortification, behind which each man was posted with his musket, and prepared for a desperate resistance. On riding up and down, to see that all were in due order, I soon perceived that more was to be apprehended from the awkward movements of our men themselves, (most of whom were entirely unaccustomed to the use of muskets,) than from the expected enemy. I therefore consulted with the supercargo, and it was presently arranged that only seven or eight of our party, who were accustomed to fire-arms, should attempt a defence by that means, and that the rest should lash their knives to the end of their

bullock goads, and use them by way of pikes—an instrument they were much more likely to handle to advantage. I was not long in discovering too, that our drivers were much better disposed to mount their horses and run away, than stand their ground and defend themselves: so that, to guard against an event of this nature, some of us were obliged to swear that we would shoot the very first man who did not stand his ground fairly, and take his chance with the rest. Presently, however, all chance of escaping seemed cut off, for the enemy were now seen advancing on all sides, and seemed closing in upon us in a circle, carrying their long lances erect. Our entrenchment being complete, we awaited the onset, each with several loaded guns, but firmly resolved not to fire till sure of our shot telling. Suddenly, however, our opponents made a dead halt, as if intimidated by something in our appearance; on this our hitherto cowardly drivers took courage, and shouted them on to the combat. But still they remained stationary—seeming, as well as we could distinguish, to be brandishing their long lances in the air. At this moment the mist that surrounded us cleared partially away, and we discovered that our supposed enemies were no other than a herd of wild horses, which, being startled at the unusual appearance of our caravan, had lifted their heads, with erect ears, high in the air, and seemed to approach us momentarily, by reason of the thickening mist magnifying their size, and at the same time changing their real appearance into something like that for which our fears had mistaken them. As soon as our ludicrous mistake was discovered, shouts of laughter burst from all our company, and such of them as were mounted, riding towards the cause of our late fears, they turned in an instant, and fled away across the plain with the speed of the wind.

The next day we met with an instance of that extraordinary spirit of independence and enterprise, which is only to be met with in savage life.

We saw before us, at a little distance, a man mounted on a horse, and driving twelve horses before him. On approaching him, to ascertain who it could be that was thus traversing the desert plain alone, where man meets his fellow man only to dread him as an enemy, he proved to be an old *Gaucha*, sixty years of age, a native of Rojas, who told us that he was journeying to San Ignacio, in the mountains of Cordova, to fetch home his son. This seemed so unlikely a tale, that we asked to see it corroborated by his passport, and it proved to be true. He had, in fact, set out from Rojas for San Ignacio, a distance of seventy leagues, fifty of which were over pathless plains, where nothing could guide his way but the sun by day, and the stars by night; and with no provisions but a little dried beef in his saddle-bags, two small horns of water, and a little tobacco. There was also the constant risk of meeting with the wild Indians, and he had moreover the perpetual anxiety attendant on keeping together twelve animals who were entirely loose, and well enough disposed to make their escape. These latter the old man rode alternately, catching one with his *lazo* whenever he wished to change his saddle, and at night it was his practice to stop immediately after the sun went down, and feed his horses, he himself lying down to sleep for a few minutes at a time, but being compelled to get up and mount a horse every now and then, in order to keep the herd together. The bridle of the horse he was riding, he used always to keep in his hand while sleeping. This rencontre presented me with an instance of mingled simplicity and self-confidence, which it would be difficult to parallel in a more civilized class of life.

On the 24th of September, our water being all exhausted before reaching the expected means of supplying it, we were tormented for some hours with a burning thirst. Towards evening we discovered a pond at a distance, and rode eagerly towards it;

but on reaching it, we found that although half a mile in circumference, it was no where more than two inches in depth, and lay on the surface more like oil than water. We were, however, not to be deterred by its appearance, nor by the clouds of musquitoes that were hovering over it; but spread our handkerchiefs on the surface, and lying on our faces, sucked the muddy liquid through them, and felt it like nectar to our parched throats. The next instant the whole was converted into a quagmire, by the horses and mules rushing into it, and attempting in vain to quench their thirst. It was not till towards the middle of the next day that we again discovered a rushy marsh at the distance of about a league, and as this offered the probability, though not the certainty, of a supply of water, I hastened to it, accompanied by the *capataz* and our Cordovese scout, which latter was the most active and skilful horseman I ever beheld. On approaching pretty near to the marsh, we discovered, to our infinite delight, a considerable quantity of rain water among the rushes, and were on the point of dismounting to partake of it, when suddenly a large Puma, or South American lion, sprung from a rushy lair where he had been couched, and instantly fled across the plain. This somewhat startling appearance dispersed our thirst, or the sense of it, for the moment, and we all turned our horses in pursuit of the fugitive. I have elsewhere described the extraordinary skill of the *Gauchos* with their *lazo*. On this occasion I had to witness a new instance of it in the Cordovese scout, who, presently coming up with the lion, cast his *lazo* over its head in an instant, and brought it to the ground almost choked by the running noose. On recovering himself a little, the lion seemed disposed to turn on his assailants and defend himself, but before he could rise, the *lazo* of the *capataz* was dexterously cast round his hinder legs; and the holder of it riding on, the lion was stretched on the plain by the tightened cords, with-

out the power of moving. With the rapidity of lightning the Cordovese now dismounted, and the blood of the animal was the next instant gushing forth beneath his knife. After satisfying our thirst by returning to the marshy pool, the carcass of the lion was dragged to the carts, where the skin was taken off, and the flesh cut into small pieces, roasted and eaten, within an hour of our first sight of the living animal! The flesh, which I tasted, was very white, and resembling veal, but of a fishy flavor; it was much preferable, however, to that of a newly slain buck, which was roasted at the same time. The flesh of the lion is esteemed a great delicacy by the *Gauchos*. The next day we arrived at Melinquecito, near which place there was an enormous lake of salt water, having the character almost of an inland sea, for we could not perceive the opposite side of it. On this lake were immense numbers of aquatic birds, and in particular, large flocks of the splendid flamingo. On the firing of our rifles, these magnificent birds rose from the water in vast numbers, and the effect of their gorgeous plumage shone upon by the rays of the morning sun, was brilliant beyond description.

On the 27th we reached Melinque, which was formerly a settlement of some importance, but now abandoned, having been previously ruined by the repeated ravages of the Indians. On the evening of this day, the sky threatened a *pampero*, or land storm, in consequence of which the carts were drawn up in a circle, and lashed together, for the purpose of securing the oxen within the inclosure thus formed. This necessary arrangement for preventing the escape of the cattle was scarcely completed, when faint flashes of lightning were seen on the verge of the horizon, which proved the near prelude of a most furious hurricane. To the "pitiless pelting" of this storm, which was so violent that even the heavy ox-carts could scarcely stand against it, the *Boyeros* were exposed during the whole night,

being obliged to ride round the entrenchment constantly, for the purpose of seeing that the oxen did not escape in their fright; but notwithstanding these precautions, it was found in the morning that four of the cattle were missing, and a Boyero was immediately sent after them, but did not rejoin us for four days, having lost his way during another storm two nights after.

The condition of these poor fellows is perhaps worse than that of any other class of their countrymen. The one I have just alluded to, who was sent after the stray cattle, had neither eaten nor drank during the whole period of his absence from the troop, having taken nothing with him but a little tobacco, with which he contrived to sustain nature; and yet, on his return, his case did not seem to be looked upon as a peculiarly hard one. He was only considered as having performed an ordinary portion of his duties, for which he receives 15 dollars per month, or six weeks, i. e. for the whole period of the journey, which is more or less, according to the condition of the oxen. I observed that immediately on the return of the one alluded to above, he proceeded to "refresh" himself, by devouring about four pounds weight of tough beef, without either bread or salt. This, with a draught of brackish water, formed his repast, after which he betook himself to sleep—not having closed his eyes during his absence.

On the 29th of September we reached the little town of Rojas, which presents a very characteristic scene, arising out of the necessities and corresponding expedients of its peculiar position. The town consists, besides a fort mounting three guns, of many detached houses, each of which is an impregnable fortress in itself—that is to say, impregnable with reference to the attacks likely to be made upon it. Each house is surrounded by a deep ditch, and, within that, planted with a hedge the nature of which renders it a perfect safeguard against the attacks of the Indians. This hedge consists

of the torch thistle (*Tuna*) so planted that its thorny stems almost touch each other to the thickness of four or five feet. It is true the stems of this plant, being merely of the consistence of a cabbage-stalk, might easily be chopped down by means of an axe. But as the Indians never, or very rarely, dismount, when making their attacks, and as the hedge I have described is fire-proof, and may be defended by musquetry from behind, it becomes, in point of fact, an absolutely impregnable barrier against such assailants. At the time we visited it, Rojas contained about 1,500 inhabitants, and presented a most singular and romantic appearance—being situated on a slight eminence, and the enclosures of the *Tuna* thickly planted, chiefly with peach groves. The entrance to each enclosure is by a draw-bridge. We observed among the inhabitants many Indian boys and girls, who had been taken prisoners from the Indians in various incursions, and were used as slaves.

On the 30th we fell in with a herd of about 400 wild pigs. After a contest of nearly an hour with several ferocious boars who stopped and faced us, we succeeded in killing ten of the herd. It was not long before portions of them were roasting. I found the flavor not unlike that of rancid whale oil. These herds form a great article of commerce with the shipping agents of Buenos Ayres.

We now began to enter a district well improved as *estancias*, or cattle farms; to each of which is attached a long grove of peach trees—this being the only tree used for firewood in these districts.

On the 1st of October we reached the Guardia del Salto, a town with a fort and two thousand inhabitants.

On the 2d of October we passed through Areco, a town similar in character to the above; and on the 4th we reached one of a very superior description—the pretty town of Luxan—which includes several handsome buildings, and a church surmounted by a dome. The next day the dry

grass, by which a portion of the plain was covered, having taken fire, the column of flame approached our troop so quickly, that one of the carts, laden with wine, took fire and was entirely destroyed, while the rest escaped with considerable difficulty. The best plan of escape in cases of this kind seems to be that of setting fire to the grass

to leeward on seeing the approaching flame at a distance; and then driving into the vacant space thus obtained. But there is risk in this plan, because the fibrous roots of the grass retain the fire for a considerable time.

On the 6th of October we reached Mendoza, after having been seven weeks on the road.

THE DIVIDED HOUSEHOLD.

Our hearth—we hear its music now—to us a bower and home;
When will its lustre in our souls with Spring's young freshness come?
Sweet faces beam'd around it then, and cherub lips did weave
Their clear Hosannas in the glow that tinged the skies at eve!

Oh, lonely is our forest stream, and bare the woodland tree,
Amid whose sunny wreath of leaves the cuckoo carolled free;
The pilgrim passeth by our cot—no hand shall greet him there—
The household is divided now, and mute the evening prayer!

Amid green walks and fringed slopes, still gleams the village pond,
And see, a hoar and sacred pile, the old church peers beyond;
And there we deem'd it bliss to gaze upon the Sabbath skies,—
Gold as our sister's clustering hair, and blue as her meek eyes.

Our home—when will these eyes, now dimm'd with frequent weeping, see
The infant's pure and rosy ark, the stripling's sanctuary?
When will these throbbing hearts grow calm around its lighted hearth?—
Quench'd is the fire within its walls, and hush'd the voice of mirth!

The haunts—they are forsaken now—where our companions play'd;
We see their silken ringlets glow amid the moonlight glade;
We hear their voices floating up like pæan songs divine;
Their path is o'er the violet-beds beneath the springing vine!

Restore, sweet spirit of our home! our native hearth restore—
Why are our bosoms desolate, our summer rambles o'er?
Let thy mild light on us be pour'd—our raptures kindle up,
And with a portion of thy bliss illumine the household cup.

Yet mourn not, wanderers—unto you a thrilling hope is given,
A tabernacle unconfin'd, an endless home in heaven!
And though ye are divided now, ye shall be made as one
In Eden, beauteous as the skies that o'er your childhood shone!

THE GRAVE OF THE BROKEN HEART.*

CHAPTER II.

AUTUMN was fast fading into winter, when the heavy tidings of her sudden bereavement fell like an ice-bolt on the heart of Miss Aboyne. And long it was before the unremitting tenderness and attention of her now sole earthly protector—her betrothed husband—and the more than maternal cares of her faithful Nora, were rewarded by any indications of reviving

health and cheerfulness in the object of their mutual anxiety.

Passing the common love between parent and child, had been that which bound up, as in one, the hearts of Colonel Aboyne and his motherless daughter; and the reflection that, for her sake, this beloved father had undertaken the voyage which had terminated so fatally, failed not to dash her

* See page 103.

cup of sorrow with peculiar bitterness. The suddenness of the shock had also tried to the uttermost her delicate and already impaired constitution ; and for a considerable time it required all the sedulous care of love and fidelity, and all the skill and unremitting watchfulness of her medical adviser, to avert the threatening symptoms of decline.

But not only was Millicent Aboyne too truly a Christian, to sorrow like those who have no hope, but even in *this world* she felt and gratefully acknowledged that she *had hopes*, and dear ones ; and that, if it pleased God to restore her to health, the after life that was to be passed with the husband of her choice, to whom she had been consigned, in a manner, by the dying breath of her beloved father, would be one of sweet contentedness. Therefore, when she prayed fervently to be reconciled to God's will in *all things*, she thought *if no sin* to add to that petition, a humble and pathetic supplication for continued life, if he saw that it was expedient for her ; and the boon so submissively implored was, to present appearance, graciously conceded. Returning health once more re-invigorated the long-drooping frame, and again there was hope, and cheerfulness, and innocent enjoyment, and sweet companionship, in the orphan's home. Then it was that Vernon began to urge her on the subject of an immediate union, with affectionate and forcible persuasion ; and Millicent was too well aware of the reasonableness of his arguments, and too nobly free from all taint of affectation, to hesitate a moment in acceding to his entreaties, except from motives of tender reluctance to exchange her mourning dress for bridal raiment, before the expiration of a twelvemonth from the time of her irreparable loss. She was also desirous, with God's blessing, to feel her health more perfectly re-established before she took upon herself the responsibility of new and important duties ; and finally a compromise between the lovers was definitively arranged, that in three months from that last May morning

which completed the sixth month from her father's death, Millicent Aboyne should become the wife of Horace Vernon.

Few, on either side, were the requisite marriage preparations. Little of worldly goods had each wherewith to endow the other. On Vernon's side, only the small stipend of his curacy ; on that of Millicent, no more than the property of her little cottage, and the broken sum of that small hoard, which was all Colonel Aboyne had been enabled to bequeath to his orphan daughter. Added to her scanty heritage was, however, one heir-loom, justly valued by Millicent as a jewel of great price. The faithfully devoted Nora was never to be sundered from her foster child ; and with her aid and experience, the latter smilingly promised Vernon that comfort and frugality should go hand in hand in their future establishment. Already Horace had assumed the management, not only of Millicent's flower-beds, but of the whole productive and well-arranged little garden ; and he never quitted the small domain to return to his solitary corner of the large rambling old Rectory, (occupied in part payment of his scanty dues,) without longing more and more impatiently for the approaching hour, when the gentle mistress of Sea Vale Cottage should admit him there, the wedded partner of her humble and happy home.

One morning Vernon entered Millicent's little sitting-room with an open letter in his hand, which he flung into her lap as she sat at work, with an air of half jesting, half serious discomposure. " There, Milly ! " said he ; " read that—and you may expect me to come and take up my abode here *directly*—whether you will or not. Perverse girl ! if you had not doomed me to such long exclusion, I should not now be annoyed by the contents of that provoking letter. Read, read, Milly ! and revoke my sentence." The letter so ungraciously commented on was nevertheless an exceedingly well-turned, well-bred epistle, from no

less a personage than the honorable and reverend Dr. Hartop, Vernon's rector, and the rector and holder of more than one other valuable living and comfortable piece of church preferment. He had not visited his Sea Vale flock since it had been committed to the care of the present curate; but his physician having recommended sea air and quiet as restoratives after a long enfeebling illness, and cherishing in his own mind an affectionate recollection of the lobsters and turbot that frequent those happy shores, the honorable and reverend gentleman forthwith felt a conscientious call to bestow his pastoral presence for the summer months among his coast parishioners. He was to be accompanied in his retirement by the youngest of eight portionless daughters of his brother-in-law the Earl of Marchwood, who, as well as his amiable Countess, was always magnanimously ready to spare either of their blooming treasures, to enliven the solitude of their wealthy and reverend uncle, and smooth his gouty footstool. The noble parents would, indeed, have extended the sacrifice to any number of the fair bevy Dr. Hartop might have been pleased to put in requisition; but that highly conscientious person not only revolted from exacting too much from such *all-conceding* generosity, but felt a strong conviction that his personal comforts would be more attended to, and the orthodox regularity of his household less deranged, by *one* of the lovely sisters, than if he had availed himself of the liberally-granted privilege to summon them in divisions. The privilege of selection he, however, exercised without scruple; and on the present occasion, was to be accompanied to Sea Vale by his favorite niece, Lady Octavia Falkland, a very lovely, gay, good-humored, captivating creature of nineteen—"toute p  trie d'esprit," said her French governess—brilliantly accomplished, and (*as every body said*) "with the best heart in the world." Lady Octavia was perfect, in short—or would have been, but for some of those trifling

alloys inseparable from *earthly* perfection: such as a *little* vanity, a *little* selfishness, a *little* cunning, and a *little* want of principle. To leave London in full season, with an old valetudinarian uncle, for "the ends of the earth," was, however, such a heroic sacrifice to duty as Lady Marchwood failed not to turn to good account, by descanting thereon with maternal sensibility in the hearing of all with whom the touching trait was likely to *tell*—especially in the presence of a young Earl of immense property, lately come of age, and as yet encumbered with a few rustic prejudices in favor of religion and morality, the fruit of much seclusion with a sickly Methodistical mother, who had early instilled into the heart of her only child, "that peculiar way of thinking" which had strangely supported her through trials of no common character. Lord M—— had been evidently struck by the beauty of the fair Octavia, and as evidently captivated by her engaging sweetness. He had danced with her, talked with her, and, as was clearly perceptible to Lady Marchwood's discriminating eye, *watched* her still more assiduously; and still he spake not—and on one or two late occasions, as he became more familiar with the *home* circle of Marchwood House, he had looked startled and uncomfortable at some interesting naivet   of the Lady Octavia, (who, to do her justice, was seldom off her guard in his company); and then there was such a visible *refroidissement*—a something so like drawing back, in his demeanor towards the lady, that her affectionate mamma, having lectured her pathetically on the consequences of her indiscretion, thought there was something quite providential in the Sea Vale scheme, of which she purposed to make the most in Lord M.'s hearing in the manner aforesaid. "And then," said she, "Octavia! when he comes down to us in the autumn, as you know he has half promised, if you *will* but be prudent for a *little while*, and fall naturally into his odd tastes and fancies, depend on it he

will speak." Which maternal consolation, combined with private visions of other contingent rewards to be coaxed out of the rich old uncle, and her constitutional good temper, enabled the fair exile to submit to her fate with a degree of resignation not less edifying than amazing, considering she was aware of all its horrors—of the perfect seclusion of Sea Vale, where the curate and apothecary were likely to be the only visitors at the Rectory. The said Rectory was a large, old-fashioned, but not incommensurable mansion, of which, as has been said, a couple of rooms were occupied by Horace Vernon. Dr. Hartop's letter (which had been so ungraciously received) very politely requested that Mr. Vernon would consider himself his guest during his, the Doctor's, residence at Sea Vale; and then went on to bespeak Horace's obliging superintendence of certain arrangements and alterations respecting furniture, &c. &c., especially in the apartments designed for the occupation of his niece, Lady Octavia Falkland. This letter was brought by the first division of the household, and Dr. Hartop and Lady Octavia were to be expected at Sea Vale in a week at farthest.

"And the old Rectory is half turned out of window already," said Vernon, pettishly, when he had told his story, and Millicent had glanced over the Doctor's letter—"and a whole waggon-load of things is arrived—couches, chaise longues, a French bed, a whole steam kitchen, and a huge harp case among the rest. I dare say that Lady Octavia is very fine and disagreeable."

"A most candid conclusion, truly!" observed Millicent with a smile,—but it was a *half* smile only; for in her heart she was as much annoyed as Horace by the intelligence he had communicated. In former days, the arrival of these strangers would have been a matter of indifference to her, or perhaps of cheerful interest; but at present, scarcely recovered from the effects of recent affliction,—shrinking

from the eye of strangers with a morbid timidity, which, from long seclusion, had grown upon her natural diffidence,—still enfeebled in health, and not unconscious that her present situation was one of peculiar delicacy, Miss Aboyne would have indeed preferred that the Rector and Lady Octavia's visit to Sea Vale should have been deferred till *after* her union with Horace Vernon. Perhaps if he had, at that moment, more seriously enforced his jesting petition, to be forthwith admitted to the peaceful sanctuary of Millicent's cottage, she might have been induced to rescind her former decision, and cede to him, without farther delay, the possession of herself and of her little dwelling. But Vernon talked away his vexation, and Millicent kept hers within her own heart, secretly chiding its utter unreasonableness; for what would the strangers be to her? She should not see or be seen by them but at church, and then why need she shrink from observation,—if, indeed, one so insignificant should attract any?

The preparations at the Rectory went briskly on; and as the new and elegant articles of ornamental furniture were unpacked, Vernon insensibly became interested in examining them, and superintending the arrangement of Lady Octavia's boudoir. An elegant harp was extracted from its cumbersome case, by a servant entrusted with the key, and, together with music-stands and stools, a painting easel, sundry portfolios, inlaid work-boxes, &c. &c. disposed in picturesque order in the dedicated chamber, and a pile of Italian music, two or three volumes of Italian and English poems, some German novels, and one of Schiller's dramas in the original, arranged with good effect on the different tables and *chiffonnières* by the well-trained footmen, gave the *tout ensemble* an air of so much literary elegance, as failed not to make due impression on Vernon's tasteful imagination, and in some measure to soften down his prejudice (so unwarrantably imbibed!) against the unknown possessor. But still he

had settled in his own mind, that in her deportment to *himself*, she would be reserved, distant, and disagreeable; and he promised himself to be as little as possible in her august presence. This preconception and predetermination savored far less of judicious reasoning and amiable humility, than of ignorance of the world, and lurking vanity and pride; but it has been observed, that the latter were among Vernon's besetting sins, and the former was the unavoidable result of circumstances.

The important day arrived, and from the porch of Miss Aboyne's cottage, (in and out of which he had been fidgeting for the last hour,) Vernon spied a travelling carriage and four descending the hilly approach into Sea Vale. "There they are, Milly!" he exclaimed, suddenly letting fall her arm that had been resting on his, and starting involuntarily a few paces forward—"and I must begone to receive the Doctor and that fine Lady Octavia. It's all your fault, Milly, when I might have remained here, if you had pleased, and been independent of all this fuss and bustle;" and he turned back and took both her hands, gazing on her for a moment with a look of reproachful tenderness. "And how pretty and quiet everything here looks this evening!" he added, glancing round him; "and we should have had some music in the honeysuckle arbor, now that you can sing again, Milly."—"Perhaps," replied she, faintly smiling, "Lady Octavia will sing to you."—"Oh! if she were to condescend so far, I should hate *her* singing; and that fine harp would never sound half so sweet to me as the dear old guitar, Milly." Millicent thanked him with a look for the fond unreasonableness of the lover-like assertion, and then hastened him away to receive, with honor due, his honorable and reverend Rector. To say the truth, when his really affectionate feelings for her had given utterance to those few hurrying words, he did not seem *very* loth to obey her injunction; and, when he had cleared the green

lane at three bounds, and turned the corner towards the Rectory, he stopped a moment to take off his hat, run his fingers through the bright waves of his fine thick hair, and pull up his shirt-collar to the most becoming altitude.

The Rectory and Miss Aboyne's cottage were situated at opposite extremities of the straggling village; and the distance between the two habitations being so inconsiderable, Millicent thought it not improbable she might see Horace again that evening, after Dr. Hartop's late dinner, or before the hour of retiring. More than once after twilight, and in spite of the fast-falling dews, she returned to the garden gate, to listen if a well-known footstep were coming down the lane; and that night, long after the usual hour of its disappearance, a light was burning in Millicent's little parlor. But it was extinguished at last, and all was darkness, and quiet, and sweet rest probably, under the humble roof of the orphan cottage.

The next morning, as Millicent was seated at her early breakfast, the little casement opened from without, and Vernon's handsome face, radiant with smiles and cheerfulness, looked in between the clustering roses. "What vulgar hours you keep, Milly," said he; "I'm positively ashamed of you, Miss Aboyne! *We* are in our first sleep yet at the Rectory, and shan't breakfast these three hours."

"Look, then," she smilingly replied, "at this tempting bowl of rich new milk, and this brown bread, and fresh yellow butter of Nora's own making,—and the tea is as strong as *you* like it—see!—and such cream!—there can be none such at the Rectory. Won't all these delicacies tempt you to breakfast with me?"—"Half of them,—the least of them, dearest!" he answered, twisting himself dexterously in through the window, demolishing a whole garland of roses, and upsetting a work-table and a glass of flowers, in his unceremonious *entrée*; in spite of which high crime and misdemeanor, in two minutes he was seat-

ed with the ease of perfect innocence at Miss Aboyne's breakfast table, and there was no trace of stern displeasure in the face of the fair hostess, as she poured out for him the promised basin of potent green tea.

"You were right enough, Milly!" said Vernon, after demolishing a huge fragment of Nora's sweet brown loaf—(for it is a truth to be noted, that lovers, as well as heroes, never forget to "appease the rage of hunger")—"You were right enough, Milly! Lady Octavia is not half so disagreeable as I expected to find her. In fact, she is really agreeable on the whole;—certainly a lovely creature!—and she and Dr. Hartop both exceedingly polite to me; but somehow I felt but half at ease. The Doctor's civility is so pompous, and now and then I could have fancied Lady Octavia too condescending. I wished myself here more than once in the course of the evening, but could not get away; for first the Doctor pinned me down to three games of backgammon"—"And then, I dare say, you had music, had you not?" asked Millicent. "Yes, Lady Octavia played all the time I was engaged with her uncle, and put me sadly out, by the by; for she plays so divinely, there was no attending to the game."—"So I suppose by this time you like the harp almost as well as the guitar?" said Miss Aboyne, with an arch glance at her companion. "Not I, indeed!" replied Vernon quickly, with a rather heightened color; "though, to be sure, Lady Octavia was amazingly condescending—very considerate of the poor curate's ignorance and rusticity. She had been singing Italian while I was playing with her uncle—some of our favorite things, Milly;—but when the game was finished, and I approached the harp, her Ladyship said, in the sweetest tone possible, 'I dare say you would rather have some English song, Mr. Vernon; perhaps I may find one or two among this unintelligible stuff,' and out she rummaged 'The Woodpecker'—my aversion, you know, Milly!" Millicent, who knew Vernon's passionate taste for Italian music and

poetry, (she herself, admirably taught by her father, had perfected him in the language,) could not help laughing at his evidently nettled recital of Lady Octavia's considerate kindness in lowering her performance to the supposed level of his comprehension; but perceiving, with a woman's quick perception in such matters, that even her innocent mirth was not contagious—(it is a nice affair to jest with wounded vanity)—she unaffectedly changed the subject, by drawing him into the garden, where she required his assistance in some trifling office about her hyacinths, and soon beguiled him again into smiles and good humor; and at last engaged him to accompany her own sweet voice, and the old fine-toned guitar, in one of his favorite harmonies—not Italian, indeed, but a Scotch air of exquisite pathos, which had many a time before exorcised the foul fiend when its spell of fretfulness and despondency was cast over him.

Among the simple pleasures dear to Miss Aboyne, one of the greatest had ever been, from earliest womanhood, the quiet luxury of an evening walk; and now, in later life, that innocent pleasure had not only lost nothing of its pleasantness, but the charm of association, and the pensive joy of memory, cast a more hallowed tone over the hours of her favorite enjoyment. For many weeks, nay months, after her father's death, the impaired health of his sorrowing child incapacitated her from stirring beyond the narrow boundary of her own little garden; but of late, so much of health and strength had she regained, that, with the support of Vernon's arm, she had adventured to some distance from her home, and even beyond the village; and as the warm pleasant spring weather became more genial and confirmed, Millicent's fluctuating cheek became tinted with more permanent hues of health, and every evening she was able to extend her walk a little and a little farther, with her unfailing and attentive companion. Those only who have languished under the pressure of a lingering, enervating malady, more

trying perhaps to the moral frame than many acute disorders, can conceive the exquisite enjoyment of feeling enabled, by gradually reviving strength, once more to wander out beyond some narrow limits, within which the feeble frame has long been captive, to breathe the fresh free air of meadow or common, or the perfume of green briery lanes, skirting the clover or the bean field, the still requisite support of some kind arm ever punctually ready at an accustomed hour to lead forth the grateful convalescent. How impatiently is that hour expected!—and should anything occur to protract or mar the promised pleasure, how far more acutely felt is that privation than so trifling a disappointment should seem to warrant! Far heavier crosses may be borne with more equanimity, at less cost of reason and self-control.

So of late had Millicent longed for the hour of the evening walk—the hour when her capabilities of enjoyment, physical and intellectual, were ever keenest—when Vernon, released from his own peculiar duties and avocations, came punctual almost to a moment, to be her companion for the remainder of the day, to afford her the support of his arm as far as her gradually returning strength enabled her to wander; and then, re-entering the cottage in tranquil happiness, to share with her the pure pleasures of reading, music, or sweeter converse, till her early hour of retiring. No wonder poor Millicent had fallen into the habit of longing for the return of evening! But now, for a season she must cease to do so. At least she must be content with uncertain, perhaps unfrequent and hurried, visits from Vernon, after the late dinner at the Rectory; and Miss Aboyne had too much good sense and delicacy not to feel, and even enforce upon Horace, the propriety and common courtesy of giving his society, for at least the greater part of most evenings, to the host at whose table he was a constant guest. And truly, in the perfect seclusion of Sea Vale, and the present deranged state of Dr. Hartop's health, which precluded him from in-

viting to the Rectory any of those who might, perhaps, have charitably bartered a portion of their precious time for the reverend gentleman's exquisite dinner and old hochheimer, (not to mention the attractions of his lovely niece)—the ready-made society of the young curate—his qualifications of backgammon-playing—of listening deferentially to long prosing stories, when the Doctor was disposed to tell them, or, when the latter was slumberously inclined, of directly and noiselessly stealing away to the drawing-room and Lady Octavia's harp, thereby contributing, in the dearth of stronger stimuli, to keep the young lady in that flow of good-humor so conducive to her uncle's comfort. These several qualifications, combined with the gentlemanly manners and unexceptionable character of Vernon, made his society too valuable at Sea Vale Rectory not to be monopolised there, with as much exacting selfishness as could be exercised consistently with Dr. Hartop's natural indolence and habitual good breeding.

Lady Octavia also conceived an *aimable* and immediate interest for the handsome, unsophisticated young curate, and forthwith set her fertile imagination to trace out the rough draft of a philanthropic plan for "making something of him," during the summer seclusion to which she had so dutifully devoted herself. No passion is so vulgar or so vulgarising as an insatiate love of indiscriminate admiration. The high-born and high-bred Lady Octavia Falkland, habituated as she was to the refined incense of courtly circles, would have condescended to smile on her uncle's apothecary, rather than have wasted "her sweetness on the desert air." Vernon was comparatively an unexceptionable protégé, and her benevolent scheme in his favor was by no means "nipped 't' bud," by the information communicated by Mrs. Jenkins, while assisting her lady to undress on the night of her arrival at Sea Vale Rectory, of his engagement with Miss Aboyne. "What a stupid affair that must be!"

soliloquized the Lady Octavia ; " and how charitable it will be to give ' the gentle shepherd,' really so tolerable a creature, some idea of *la belle passion* in its higher refinements—of the tastes and enjoyments of civilized society, before he is buried forever in a country parish, with a dowdy wife and a parcel of chubby cherubs.—I suppose," observed her Ladyship, more directly addressing herself to the confidential attendant—" I suppose this Miss—what d'ye call her !—is some rustic beauty, all lilies, and roses, and flaxen-curls—for really Mr. Vernon is so good-looking, and so tolerable altogether, he would not have picked out a fright."—" Oh ! they say she's very genteel, my Lady !—(Miss Abine's her name, my Lady !)—and used to be estimated rather handsome formerly, before she lost her father, and fell into ill health—and she's not so young as she has been."—" Why, Mr. Vernon can't be more than five or six and twenty, and it's impossible he can be in love with any thing as old as that, when there can be no *agrémens* to make amends for the want of youth."—" Oh ! Mr. Vernon's seven and twenty, my Lady ! and Miss Abine's near three years older."—" Three years older !—what, almost thirty ?—You must be mistaken, Jenkins ; Mr. Vernon could never have engaged himself so absurdly ;—but it's an old affair, you said, didn't you, Jenkins ! Quite a take-in, then, no doubt ; for I suppose she *has been* good-looking,—and boys are so easily caught ! It's amazing how artful some old spiders are !" and so saying, the fair Octavia's head sank on her soft pillow, to dream of old spiders and young flies, and the philanthropic pleasure of rescuing some fluttering innocent from the web of its wily destroyer. If Vernon's evening visits to the cottage became comparatively short and unfrequent, after the arrival of the strangers, during the earlier part of their sojourn at the Rectory, he generally made his appearance at Millicent's early breakfast table, and devoted to her as great a part of every

morning as he could abstract from his parochial duties—duties from which she would have been the last to entice him ; and once he had stolen away during Dr. Hartop's after-dinner nap—not to the Rectory drawing-room and Lady Octavia, but to the cottage parlor and its gentle occupant, whose delighted and grateful surprise at sight of the unexpected visiter, made him first fully sensible of what she (the least selfish and exacting of human beings) had never even hinted—how lonely she had been in his absence ; and he fancied, besides, that an appearance of more than usual languor was perceptible about her, though at sight of him a rich and beautiful glow suffused her before colorless cheek, and her sweet eyes glistened (not sparkled) with affectionate welcome, as she exclaimed, " Dear Horace ! is it you ?—How good you are to steal away to me ! But could you do so without incivility !—what will they think at the Rectory ?"

" I don't care what they think, Milly !" replied Vernon, quickly. " This is all very wrong—very hard upon us. Here you sit, left alone, evening after evening, deprived of exercise—of the quiet walks we so enjoyed together ; and I am sure, though you said nothing, you have missed them very much. Why did you not take Nora's arm, and stroll out this fine evening, Milly ?"—" O, I did not care to walk without you, dear Horace, and Nora is busy in her dairy at this hour, you know ; and besides," she added, with a cheerful smile, " I am very busy also, and shall get through a marvellous deal of work now you are not here to make me idle." That evening, however, Millicent was but too happy to relinquish her notable employment for pleasant idleness, and sweet companionship, and the reviving freshness of the bright green fields. The lovers talked together of their approaching union, their unambitious hopes of quiet happiness, their plans of active usefulness and wise frugality to be patiently and firmly pursued, till the better times

still prospectively before them should arrive, to recompense them for the cheerful endurance of temporary privations. While they thus held sweet converse together, insensibly, as the evening shadows blended into twilight, assuming a more serious and tender tone, well befitting the discourse of friends who spoke of travelling together through time into eternity;—while they thus held sweet converse, and Vernon listened to the low accents of Millicent's voice—so tender in its melodious inflections—so touching as it breathed forth, with tremulous earnestness, the inmost thoughts and feelings of her pure and pious heart, he felt—felt deeply, the surpassing worth of the treasure committed to his care; and perhaps a vague, and almost indefinite, emotion of self-reproach mingled with the tender impulse which caused him to press more affectionately close the arm which rested upon him, and to look round with moistened eyes on the calm, sweet seriousness of that saintlike countenance, upraised to his with the innocent confidence of an angel's love. "After all," said Vernon to himself, as he retraced his solitary way that night to the Rectory—"after all, my own Millicent is as superior to that brilliant Lady Octavia, as is yon beautiful pale moon to the bright meteor which has just shot earthward." What inference may be drawn from this soliloquy as to the nature of foregone comparisons floating in Vernon's mind within the circle of Lady Octavia's fascinations, we leave to the judicious reader's opinion;—certain it is, that the last fervent conclusion was the genuine, spontaneous effusion of sincere and affectionate conviction.

The next day was Sunday, and Vernon had promised to be at the cottage early enough to conduct Millicent to church, and to her own pew adjoining the Rector's, before the general entrance of the congregation; for though he assured her, that Dr. Har-top considered himself still too much a valetudinarian to encounter the fatigues of early rising and morning

church, and that there was little chance, from what he had observed, of Lady Octavia's attending the first service, Millicent had a nervous dread of walking alone up the long aisle, subjected to the possible gaze of strangers, and gladly accepted the promise of Vernon's early escort.

But Fate and Lady Octavia had ordered otherwise. Contrary to Vernon's "foregone conclusion," and just as he was hastening away to the cottage, it was sweetly signified to him by Mrs. Jenkins, that her lady, who had hitherto taken breakfast about eleven in her own boudoir, would that morning have the pleasure of making tea for Mr. Vernon, from whom she should afterwards request the favor of conducting her to the Rectory pew. The lady trode on the heels of her message. The breakfast room was thrown open, and she led the way into it with gracious smiles and winning courtesy, Vernon following in such a bewilderment of annoyance at being thus compelled to break his engagement with Millicent, and of admiration for Lady Octavia's blooming graces and captivating sweetness, that he quite forgot it would have been at least expedient to send a message to the cottage; and, strange as it may seem, by the time breakfast was half over, Vernon had actually ceased to think of any object in heaven or earth beyond the interior of the Rectory parlor.

As Lady Octavia took his arm on proceeding towards the church, however, a thought darted across him, of her who was at that very moment expecting the promised support of that very arm in affectionate security; and for a few minutes he was troubled and *distract*, and made irrelevant answers to Lady Octavia's remarks and questions. Her ladyship had too much tact to notice the temporary abstraction; and before they reached the thronged churchyard, Vernon's thoughts were again engrossed by the charms of his fascinating companion, and his besetting sin—his lurking vanity—was not a little excited by her

flattering condescension, and the eclat of making so public an appearance with the high-born beauty familiarly leaning on his arm. It was not until he had conducted the fair stranger through the double file of gazers, that lined the long central aisle, up to the Rector's pew, and left her there, properly accommodated with hassock and prayer-book, and till he had withdrawn to put on his surplice in the vestry—it was not till then that a thought of Millicent again recurred to him. But then it did recur, and so painfully, that even after he had ascended the pulpit, and was about to commence that sacred office which should have abstracted his mind from all worldly concerns, he found it impossible to restrain his wandering and troubled thoughts; and his heart smote him, when, glancing downwards on the assembling congregation, his eyes rested on the empty pew where poor Millicent should have been already seated, and that immediately adjoining already occupied by the fair stranger whom he had conducted thither.

It was the custom at Sea Vale church to begin the first service with the morning hymn, not one verse of which was ever omitted by the zealous throats of the village choristers; and on this particular morning, those sweet singers of Israel, in concert—or rather out of concert—with bassoon and bass viol, had groaned, droned, and quavered through the first five verses, when the church door fronting the pulpit, at the end of the long middle aisle, slowly opened, and two female forms appeared at it. One, the humble, homely person of Nora Carthy, dropped aside into some obscure corner; and Miss Aboyne, who had been leaning on the arm of her faithful attendant, came slowly and timidly up the long aisle, with ill-assured and faltering steps, her tall slender form bending under evident languor and weakness. She still wore the deepest and plainest mourning, and her face was almost entirely concealed by a large bonnet and a long crape

veil. On reaching the door of her own pew, her tremulous hand—even from that distance Vernon saw that it trembled—found some difficulty in unhasping it, and an old grey-haired man started forward from his bench in the aisle to render her that little service, in return for which she gently inclined her head, and in another moment had sunk on her knees in the farthest corner of the pew.

Vernon saw all this, too well recalling to mind poor Millicent's nervous anxiety to be quietly seated in church before the arrival of strangers; and he saw, besides, what he hoped had been unperceived by Miss Aboyne through her thick veil, that Lady Octavia had stood up in her pew to gaze on the late comer as she slowly advanced up the church, and was still taking leisurely survey through an eye-glass of her kneeling figure. Vernon observed all this with acutely painful consciousness, and when the hymn was concluded, it was only by a powerful effort that he applied himself seriously to his solemn duty.

When next he glanced towards Miss Aboyne's pew, (while the first psalm was being sung,) her veil was flung back, and he observed with pleasure that her sweet countenance wore its wonted expression of perfect serenity, and that she was too intent on the sacred words in her hymn-book, and too much engrossed by the utterance of her tribute of prayer and praise, to be sensible that the brilliant eyes of her fair neighbor, still assisted by the raised eye-glass, were fixed in curious scrutiny of her person and features. In truth, Miss Aboyne had perfectly recovered from the nervous trepidation which had distressed her on first entering the church; awful consciousness of the Creator's presence soon superseded all thought of the creature in her pious heart, and when at last her eyes caught an accidental glance of her fair neighbor, the only feeling that for a moment drew her earthward, was one of admiration for Lady Octavia's striking loveliness. In her entire abstraction from *self*, not even did the

consciousness occur, that she herself was the object of curious, and not polite—though it might be fashionable—examination.

Millicent had attributed to its true cause the non-performance of Vernon's promise to be early that morning at the cottage. She surmised that he might have been unexpectedly detained to accompany Lady Octavia to church; and well aware that he could not courteously have declined that office if proposed to him, she only regretted that, having been delayed by lingering expectation till the last possible moment, she should now have to encounter the redoubled ordeal of walking up the church alone, through the assembled congregation. Nora, indeed—whose arm, in default of Vernon's, was put in requisition—the warm-hearted, quick-spirited Nora—was fain to mutter some tart reflection about "new comers," and "fine doings," and "no notion of it," as she accompanied her fair mistress to church; but the more candid Millicent only smiled at the jealous discomposure of her fond nurse, who shook her head incredulously at the assurance that Vernon would come and make his innocence clear, the moment he was at liberty to steal away for a few moments to the cottage. And such indeed was his full intention, when, on hastening back from unrobing after service, he found Lady Octavia awaiting his escort homewards, and that Miss Aboyne was already out of sight. When they reached the Rectory, Dr. Hartop was already seated at his luxurious luncheon—the mid-day dinner of modern times—and Vernon was pressed to partake before he mounted his horse for the church (some five miles off from Sea Vale) at which he was to do afternoon duty.

Suddenly Lady Octavia was seized with a devout desire of attending that second service, and her phaeton was ordered to the door, and it was quickly arranged that she should drive Vernon to Eastwood church, from which they were to return by a more circuitous, but very beautiful road, which her

Ladyship (as suddenly smitten with a passion for picturesque as well as holy things) expressed a vehement desire to explore. Dr. Hartop gave a reluctant assent to this arrangement, not from any prudential scruples respecting Lady Octavia's *tête-à-tête* with the handsome curate, as he felt comfortably assured her Ladyship's views of an "establishment" were as remote as possible from the *beau idéal* of a cottage and a blackberry pudding; but the honorable and reverend Doctor rationally anticipated that the protracted drive might interfere with his regular dinner hour, and from this solid ground of objection it required all Lady Octavia's powers of coaxing and persuasion to win him over to unwilling concession.

The road from Sea Vale to Eastwood lay through the former village, close to Miss Aboyne's cottage at its outskirts. As they approached the little dwelling, Vernon sent onward an uneasy furtive glance, and felt annoyed and uncomfortable at the slow pace in which it seemed just then the pleasure of his fair conductress to indulge her beautiful bay ponies. He wished—yet wherefore was almost undefinable to himself—that Miss Aboyne might not be visible as they passed the cottage, and that they might pass it unobserved by her. But the wish, vague as it was, had scarcely arisen, when Lady Octavia, reining in her ponies to a walk, exclaimed—"What a sweet cottage!—a perfect cottage that, Mr. Vernon; and there's the person who sat in the next pew to my uncle's at church this morning, looking so wretchedly forlorn and sickly, but really genteel for that sort of person, and must have been rather pretty when she was young, poor thing! Do you know whoshe is, Mr. Vernon?"—"A Miss Aboyne, daughter of a Colonel Aboyne lately dead—a friend of mine," replied Vernon confusedly, and coloring, with a consciousness that he did so not tending to remove his embarrassment. At that moment, Millicent, who was standing among her flower-beds, look-

ed up at the sound of wheels, and their eyes encountered. A bright flush passed over her pale cheek, as she gave Vernon a half smile of recognition, and quietly resumed her occupation of tying up a tall lily, her face shaded by a large bonnet from farther observation. Lady Octavia took another deliberate survey of Miss Aboyne through her eye-glass, and having so far satisfied her curiosity, continued, in a careless, half-absent manner—"Oh! a friend of yours, you said, Mr. Vernon!—this person's father—I beg your pardon though—she looks really very respectable, poor thing!—quite interesting in that deep mourning. Of course, as you know her, she is not a low person—some Colonel's daughter though, you said, I think? and is he lately dead? and does she live all alone in that pretty cottage? How excessively romantic! and it does not signify for that sort of person, at her age, you know. I suppose she is very poor—some half pay officer's daughter!" Vernon stammered something, not very intelligible, in reply to Lady Octavia's half question, half soliloquy; but her Ladyship talked on, apparently heedless of his conscious, embarrassed manner. "Do you know, Mr. Vernon, that my maid is a half-pay officer's daughter—really a very superior sort of person is Jenkins. Why does not this Miss—I forget her name—go out in some such capacity? or as a governess?—you know, she might get into some family as governess." Vernon's latent spirit and real affection for Millicent being somewhat roused by these annoying comments and interrogations, he was just about to speak more plainly, and would probably have silenced Lady Octavia's voluble malice, by the simple avowal of the relation in which he stood to Miss Aboyne, when her Ladyship, who guessed the coming confession, which it was by no means her intention to draw forth, adroitly diverted her observations from Miss

Aboyne to the surrounding scenery; and before they had well lost sight of Sea Vale, Vernon's spirited impulse had subsided, and he was again engrossed by Lady Octavia, and the gratification of being so graciously distinguished by the high-born beauty. But Lady Octavia's shafts had not glanced harmless; more than one point remained rankling in the mark; and with the next disengaged hour and thought of Millicent, came hitherto unformed reflections on the lingering lot of poverty and obscurity to which they were possibly about to devote themselves, and an involuntary comparison between their ages for the first time occurred to him, in a light that made him wish the difference had been reversed, and that he could count those three years in advance of Millicent. But his better feelings caused him to check, almost as soon as conceived, thoughts that were now as ill-timed as ungenerous towards that gentle and confiding being, the most sincere and lowly-minded of all God's creatures, who had been long beforehand with him in regretting, for his sake, her seniority of age, and had not shrunk from commenting on it to himself, with characteristic ingenuousness; for *she felt*, though he would not acknowledge it, that her prime was already past, while he had barely attained the full flush of maturity. But Millicent's self-depreciation was wholly untinged with any jealous doubt of Vernon's true affection for her, and indifference to the more youthful attractions of other women; and as he passed the cottage with his beautiful companion, if a sudden and natural comparison presented itself between the blooming loveliness of the latter, and her own more humble pretensions, it was only accompanied by a wish—a woman's fond, weak wish—that, for his sake, she were younger, and fairer, and every way more deserving of the love, of which, however, she apprehended no diminution.

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THE CLOUDS.

"Clouds—now softly sailing
Along the deep blue sky—now fixed and still."—MISS MITFORD.

THE clouds, the clouds! they are beautiful
When they sleep on the soft spring sky,
As if the sun to rest could lull
Their snowy company;
And as the wind springs up, they start
And career o'er the azure plain;
And before the course of the breezes dart,
To scatter their balmy rain.

The clouds, the clouds! how change their
forms

With every passing breath,—
And now a glancing sunbeam warms,
And now they look cold as death.
Oh! often and often have I escap'd
From the stir of the noisy crowd,
And a thousand fanciful visions shaped
On the face of a passing cloud!

The clouds, the clouds! round the sun at
night

They come like a band of slaves,
Who are only bright in their master's light,
And each in his glory laves.
Oh, they are lovely—lovely, then!
Whilst the heaven around them glows;
Now touched with a purple or amber stain,
And now with the hue of a rose.

The clouds, the clouds! in the star-lit sky,
How they fly on the light wind's wings!
Now resting an instant, then glancing by,
In their fickle wanderings:
Now they hide the deep blue firmament,
Now it shows their folds between,
As if a silver veil were rent
From the jewell'd brow of a queen.

The clouds, the clouds! they are as the
lid

To the lightning's flashing eye;
And in their fleecy rolls lies hid
The thunder's majesty.
Oh! how their warring is proclaimed
By the shrill blast's battle song;
And the tempest's deadliest shafts are
aimed

From the midst of the dark cloud's throng.

The clouds, the clouds!—My childish days
Are past—my heart is old;

But here and there a feeling stays
That never will grow cold:
And the love of nature is one of these
That Time's wave never shrouds,
And oft and oft doth my soul find peace
In watching the passing clouds.

BOOK-ENGRAVINGS.

[In the last number of the *Athenaeum* we referred to the opinion of an English writer on the proposed plan of ornamenting the *Waverley Novels* with engravings. The following are his remarks on book-engravings in general.]

THE business of a book-engraving, in general, we take to be this: it is meant to serve the purpose of introducing a salutary fretfulness and disagreement into the intercourse of author and reader. If the reader of an "illustrated" volume is so imprudent as to frame for himself, from the hints of the writer, a vivid picture of a man or an occurrence, let him but look to the frontispiece, and we will bet all Mr. Westall's designs to the dullest of Cruikshank's scratchings, that he will cry to sleep again, he will find a London school-miss instead of Miranda, or a Prospero evidently imitated from that great conjuror, Mr. Cobbett.

A book-engraving, above all other engines, is powerful to stuff out the insignificant, and degrade the lofty, to change what is universal, as containing more life than anything else, into that which is common-place, as containing less. It renders the individual and peculiar, general and indiscriminate. It has the true art of mutations to change peasants into stage-players, and gentlemen into clowns. It makes Don Quixote what all his madness could not make him, vulgar and contemptible; it gives us, for the Duke and Duchess, the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, and plunders Sancho's face of all its proverb-honored wisdom. How many a gay creature of the element has a book-engraving changed into a Caliban! How many a band of heroes hath it, like Comus, converted into swine! How many a fair lady of song hath it smitten, in the turning of a page, with: le-

prosy, and deformed with affectation. The burin is the true Ithuriel's spear to give us fiends for angels; it is the real sword of war, which desolates fair landscapes into wildernesses. At its touch the butterflies of poetry grow back to grubs. Egyptian-like, it seats its skeletons beside its gay and reveling thoughts, and mocks us with the contrast. It takes us from the pleasant gardens and the stately chambers of the fancy to a region of shadows and monsters; and a bookseller stands warder at the gate, and tells us, forsooth, that we must pay for admittance. Thank Heaven! there are cheap and unillustrated editions of Shakspeare. We are not always compelled to put up with a coal-heaver instead of Orlando, and be content to think Beatrice a hoyden; or, rather, those resplendent beings are not all doomed to be always followed by the grimaces and screamings of the apes and peacocks from the engraver's Tarshish. We are sometimes allowed to read Homer without being told that a facsimile of Thersites is a portrait of Achilles; and to see Nausicaa at the river in another likeness than that of a modern washer-woman. Praise be to the Bible Society, praise to the folios of our fathers, that there are Bibles without engravings; that we still think of Moses pointing to the brazen serpent, as somewhat different in look and bearing from a showman at the Tower; and that we yet conceive the form of Christ as rather that of a carpenter than a Saviour.

There are many persons, no doubt, who would derive no image whatever of an author's meaning from his writings; and for these we suppose it is that book-engravings are peculiarly intended. And in these cases, undoubtedly, they are generally such as exhibit a wise adaption of means to ends. Minds that can make to themselves, by the aid of books, no notion of anything that is in nature, are very fit to be entertained by sketches of what is completely unnatural. We would suggest, that even for such people it is needless to connect the pic-

ture with the book, as a volume is rather a clumsy frame for a copper-plate. But for this class of readers the greatest possible difference between the author's mind and the artist's is of no importance whatever. If, indeed, they could suspect for a moment that there is a similarity of intention between the author's mind and the artist's, the consequence would be a troublesome and futile attempt to trace out the connection, and a great deal of time would be vainly wasted in an enterprise which from the first would, for the greater part of the "reading public," be absolutely desperate. But there is in truth no such danger. And in this point of view we have always particularly admired "Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery," which exhibits on a large scale the forms and gestures of certain fantastic beings as amusing as the fantoccini, or the dancing dogs, or learned cats; and whose identity with the "fine spirits" of the poet will never for an instant be questioned by our unsuspicious public.

There are, undoubtedly, artists of powers equal to those of any writers whom they might think fit to illustrate. When Wilkie is in question, it may seem strange to say that we object to *all* designs from passages in well-known books; yet we do dislike such attempts, even when made by men of genius, as we should dislike to see in a poem a stanza by a different hand from that of the author; and still more if the stanza were a paraphrase of something gone before, with all the diversity of conception and expression which it would necessarily derive from the genius of its maker. A man of genius cannot by possibility reproduce with a mere difference of form, the thoughts of another man, and will always either introduce some evidences of original thought, which will prevent the illustration from being what a book-illustration ought to be, or (if he be guided by some temporary and external consideration, instead of the inherent laws of his own genius) he will attend to nothing but the details, which he will very probably represent even

more ineffectually than a meaner man, who could never look beyond them ; and, when we were dealing in one page with a living being, we shall find in the next, as an "illustration" to assist us in our conception of it, a ghastly and lifeless mummy.

This reasoning will probably be met with examples of cases in which books have been successfully illustrated by engravings. The most celebrated of our day are those of the designs by Retsch, Flaxman, and, perhaps, Pinelli. The works of the last, which are less known in this country than those of the two former, supply a good instance for our purpose. Let any one compare Pinelli's larger designs from some of the Italian poets with the very smallest and most careless of his drawings of peasants and banditti, and he must at once see the difference in spirit, ease, expression, composition, even accuracy of drawing, between the scratchy span of paper on which a man of high talent has *created* for himself, and the more elaborate exhibitions of ill-made heroes and awkward heroines, into whom a copyist has attempted to transfuse that spirit which cannot be imbibed from its living original by a dead imitation. It is useless to collect with so much care the bones and ashes. They are a poor consolation to the mourner for the life he loved. But how much vainer and more foolish is it, when we are walking in amaranthine gardens, among the disembodied essences of poetry, to mock us with the funeral urn, which is of the earth earthy, and contains only dust and relics.

Retsch and Flaxman are perhaps somewhat more difficult to dispose of than Pinelli. And here we must remark that, condemning, as we do, the practice of binding up engravings, and poems or novels, together ; asserting, as we do, that the practice will almost always lead to the junction of the living with the dead body, or of the real man and his *wraith*, or of dissimilar men in a case in which no difference is endurable, and that the being of the

poet will scarcely ever have a satisfactory *double* in the being of the artist, we are yet not called upon to show that subjects taken from fictitious compositions are not very proper for painting. It is the juxta-position which we chiefly complain of. When we read a fine poem, and afterwards see a fine painting of the same subject, each is to us a separate creation. Tie them together, and attempt to persuade us that they relate not only to people of the same names and in the same circumstances, but to the same individual men and women, and you are forced to abstract whatever is substantial and characteristic in the one work of art or the other, to consider it as a mere shadow of its prototype ; or else we revolt against the whole proceeding, will not believe that opposites are identical, and have our impression of the reality of both weakened by the vain pretence on which it has been sought to subjugate us. Looking at the illustration of "*Faustus*" this week, having read the poem of "*Faustus*" last week, we are content to see in the former a beautiful story beautifully told ; but, in so far as our conception of the poet's meaning is broken in upon by the images received from the engravings, (except as regards one or two points,) we are pained and fretted by the interference.

It is indeed very possible, that, in some cases, a great painter may completely express, in lines and colors, the conception of a great poet ; though it has very seldom been done in the noblest pictures of scriptural subjects. But, if it were done ever so completely, how many persons are there whose minds are so evenly cultivated, that they would receive the same impression from the two works of art ? Probably not ten in England. And, though it be true that if, regarded separately, it is probable each would make a deep effect, yet, unless those effects were precisely correspondent, the evil of having the poem and the drawing on the same page would very much outweigh the good.

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

WE were all—Julia, her aunt, and myself, seated at a comfortable fire on a December evening. The night was dark, starless, and rainy, while the drops pattered upon the windows, and the wind howled at intervals along the house-tops. In a word, it was as gloomy a night as one would wish to see in this, the most dismal season of the year. Strictly speaking, I should have been at home, for it was Sunday; and my own habitation was at too great a distance to justify a visit of mere ceremony on so sacred a day, and amid such stormy weather. The truth is, I sallied out to see Julia.

I verily believe I could write a whole volume about her. She came from the north country, and was at this time on a visit to her aunt, in whose house she resided; and in whose dining-room, at the period of my story, we were all seated round a comfortable fire. Though a prodigious admirer of beauty, I am a bad hand at describing it. To do Julia justice, however, I must make the attempt. She was rather under the middle size, (not much,) blue-eyed, auburn-haired, fair-complexioned, and her shape was of uncommon elegance and proportion. Neck, bosom, waist, ankles, feet, hands, &c., all were perfect, while her nose was beautifully Grecian, her mouth sweetness itself, and her teeth as white and sparkling as pearls. In a word, I don't believe that wide Scotland could boast of a prettier girl—to say nothing of merry England and the Isle of Saints.

It was at this time about eight o'clock; tea had just been over, the tray removed, and the table put to rights. The star of my attraction was seated at one side of the fire, myself at the opposite, the lady of the house in the centre. We were all in excellent humor, and Julia and I eyed each other in the most persevering style imaginable. Her aunt indeed rallied us upon the occasion; and I thought

Julia never appeared half so beautiful as now.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

So saith Robert Burns; and, truth to speak, his distich was never more effectually verified than at this interesting moment. A servant bouncing by accident into a room where a gallant is on his knees before his mistress, and in the act of "popping the question," is vexatious. An ass thrusting its head through the broken window of a country church, and braying aloud while the congregation are busily chanting "Old Hundred," or some other equally devout melody, is vexatious. An elderly gentleman losing his hat and wig on a windy day, is vexatious. A young gentleman attempting to spring over a stile by way of showing his agility to a bevy of approaching ladies, and coming plump down upon the broadest part of his body, is vexatious. All these things are plagues and annoyances sufficient to render life a perfect nuisance, and fill the world with innumerable heart-breakings and *felo-de-sees*. But bad as they are, they are nothing to the intolerable vexation experienced by me, (and I believe by Julia too,) on hearing a slow, loud, solemn stroke of the knocker upon the outer door. It was repeated once—twice—thrice. We heard it simultaneously—we ceased speaking simultaneously—we (to wit, Julia and I) ceased ogling each other simultaneously. The whole of us suspended our conversation in a moment—looked to the door of the room—breathed hard, and wondered what it could be. The reader will perhaps marvel how such an impression could be produced by so very trivial a circumstance; but if he himself had heard the sound, he would cease to wonder at the strangeness of our feelings. The knocks were the most extraordinary ever heard. They were not those petty, sharp, brisk, soda-

water knocks, given by little, bustling, common-place men. On the contrary, they were slow, sonorous, and determinate. What was still more remarkable, they were *three* in number, neither more nor less. There was something awe-inspiring in this recondite number; and the strokes themselves were sufficiently striking and solemn to excite attention, had they been even more or less numerous than they were. I should think that between each there must have been a pause of at least seven seconds and a half; and they were given with a firmness which betokened no ordinary strength of hand. The knocker, besides, I knew to be extremely stiff, so much so that on my entrance I could not make it move on its hinges, and was obliged to make my presence known by striking the door with my knuckles. All circumstances considered, I think we were justified in being a good deal fluttered by the majestic **KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK**, occurring as it did on a Sunday evening—a time when all good people are, or ought to be, at their devotions, instead of strolling out, as was my case, to the great scandal of religion, and danger of their own souls.

Scarcely had our surprise time to subside, than we heard the outer door opened by the servant—then it closed—then heavy footsteps, one, two, and three, were audible in the lobby—then the dining-room door was opened; and a form which filled the whole of its ample aperture, from top to bottom, from right to left, made its appearance. It was the figure of a man, but language would sink under his immensity. Never in heaven, or earth, or air, or ocean, was such a man seen. He was hugeness itself—bulk personified—the *beau ideal* of amplitude. When the dining room door was first opened, the glare of the well-lighted lobby gleamed in upon us, illuminating our whole apartment with increase of lustre; but no sooner did he set his foot upon the threshold, than the lobby light behind him was shut out. He filled the whole gorge of the door like an enormous shade. The door itself

seemed to stand aghast at such a stupendous substitute, and its yawning aperture shrunk with apprehension lest its jaws should be torn asunder by the entrance of so great a mass of animated materials.

Onward, clothed in black, came the moving mountain, and a very pleasing monster he was. A neck like that of a rhinoceros sat piled between his “Atlantean shoulders,” and bore upon its tower-like and sturdy stem, a countenance prepossessing from its good-humor, and amazing for its plumpness and rubicundity. His cheeks were swollen out into billows of fat—his eyes overhung with turgid and most majestic lids, and his chin double, triple, ay quadruple. As for his mouth—

“It was enough to win a lady’s heart
With its bewitching smile.”

Onward came the moving mountain—shaking the floor beneath his tread, filling a tithe of the room with his bulk, and blackening every object with his portentous shadow.

I was amazed—I was confounded—I was horrified. Not so Julia and her aunt, who, far from participating in my perturbed emotions, got up from their seats, smiled with a welcoming nod, and requested him to sit down.

“Glad to see you, Mr. Tims,” said Julia.

“Glad to see you, Mr. Tims,” said her aunt.

“Mr. Tims!” Gracious heavens! and was this the name of the mighty entrant? Tims! Tims! Tims!—the thing was impossible. A man with such a name should be able to go into a nut-shell; and here was one that the womb of a mountain could scarcely contain! Had he been called Sir Bullion O’Dunder, Sir Theodosius M’Turk, Sir Rugantino Magnificus, Sir Blunderbuss Blarney, or some other high-sounding name, I should have been perfectly satisfied. But to be called *Tims*! Upon my honor, I was shocked to hear it. The very first principles of unity were outraged, and the most atrocious discord substituted in their place.

Mr. Tims sat him down upon the great elbow-chair, for he was a friend, it seems, of the family—a *weighty* one assuredly; but one whose acquaintanceship they were all glad to court. The ladies, in truth, seemed much taken with his society. They put fifty questions to him about the play—the assembly—the sermon—marriages—deaths—christenings, and what not; the whole of which he answered with surprising volubility. His tongue was the only active part about him, going as glibly as if he were ten stones, instead of thirty, and as if he were a Tims in person as well as in name. In a short time I found myself totally neglected. Julia ceased to eye me, her aunt to address me, so completely were their thoughts occupied with the Man-Mountain.

In about half an hour I began to feel confoundedly uncomfortable. I was a mere cipher in the room; and what with the appalling bulk of Mr. Tims, the attention the ladies bestowed upon him, and the neglect with which they treated me, I sunk considerably in my own estimation. In proportion as this feeling took possession of me, I experienced an involuntary respect for the stranger. I admired his intimate knowledge of balls, dresses, *faux pas*, marriages, and gossip of all sorts—and still more I admired his bulk. I have an instinctive feeling of reverence towards “Stout Gentlemen;” and, while contrasting my own puny form with his, I labored under a deep consciousness of personal insignificance. From being five feet eight, I seemed to shrink to five feet one; from weighing ten stones, I suddenly fell to seven and a half; while my portly rival sat opposite to me, measuring at least a foot taller than myself, and weighing good thirty stones, jockey weight. If any little fellow like me thinks of standing well with his mistress, let him never appear in her presence with such a gentleman as Mr. Tims. She will despise him to a certainty; nor, though his soul be as large as Atlas or Teneriffe, will it compensate for the paltry dimensions of his body.

What was to be done? With the ladies, it was plain, I *could* do nothing; with Mr. Tims, it was equally plain, I *ought* to do nothing—seeing that, however much he was the cause of my uneasiness, he was at least the *innocent* cause, and therefore neither morally nor judicially amenable to punishment. His offence was unpremeditated; the reverse of what lawyers call *malice prepense*, and consequently not a penal one. It is all very well, however, to talk of morality and legality. When a man’s passions are up, his sense of justice is asleep, and all idea of rectitude hidden in the blinded impulse of indignation. From respecting Mr. Tims I came to hate him; and I vowed internally, that, rather than be annihilated by this enlarged edition of Daniel Lambert, I would pitch him over the window. Had I been a giant, I am sure I would have done it on the spot. The giants of old, it is well known, raised Pelion upon Ossa, in their efforts to scale the throne of heaven; and tossed enormous mountains at the godhead of Jupiter himself. Unfortunately for me, Mr. Tims was a mountain, and I was no giant.

Under these circumstances, there was no help for me but to march off, and take myself away from such a scene of annoyance. It was plain, I was no longer the “lion” of the night, but a feeble star dwindled into shade before the presence of a more glorious luminary—the ladies ceased to worship at my deserted shrine. I accordingly got up, and, pretending it was necessary that I should see some person in the next street, abruptly left the room. Julia—I did not expect it—saw me to the door, shook hands with me, and said she hoped I would return to supper when my business was finished. Sweet girl! was it possible she could prefer the Man-Mountain to me?

Away I went into the open air. I had no business whatever to perform; it was mere fudge; and I resolved to go home as fast as I could.

But I did not go home. On the contrary, I kept strolling about from

street to street, sometimes thinking upon Julia, sometimes upon Mr. Tims. The night was of the most melancholy description—a cold, cloudy, windy, rainy December night. Not a soul was upon the streets excepting a solitary straggler, returning hither and thither from an evening sermon, or an occasional watchman gliding past with his lantern, like an incarnation of the Will-o'-wisp. I strolled up and down for half an hour, wrapped in an olive great coat, and having a green silk umbrella over my head. It was well I chanced to be so well fortified against the weather; for had it been otherwise, I must have been drenched to the skin. Where I went, I know not, so deeply was my mind wound up in its various melancholy cogitations. This, however, I do know, that, after striking against sundry lamp-posts, and overturning a few old women in my fits of absence, I found myself precisely at the point from which I set out, viz., at the door of Julia's aunt's husband's house.

I paused for a moment, uncertain whether to enter, and, in the meantime, turned my eyes to the window, where, upon the white blind, I beheld the enormous shadow of a human being. My flesh crept with horror on witnessing this apparition, for I knew it to be the shadow of the Man-Mountain—the dim reflection of Mr. Tims. No other human being could cast such a shade. Its proportions were magnificent, and filled up the whole breadth of the window-screen; nay, the shoulders shot away latterly beyond its utmost limits, and were lost in space, having apparently nothing whereon to cast their mighty image. On beholding this vast shade, my mind was filled with a thousand exalted thoughts. I was carried away in imagination to the mountain solitudes of the earth. I saw Mont Blanc lifting his white, bald head, into cold immensity, and flinging the gloom of his gigantic presence over the whole sweep of the vale of Chamouni—that vale in which the master mind of Coleridge composed the sub-

limest hymn ever sung, save by the inspired bards of Israel. I was carried away to the far off South sea, where, at sunset, the Peak of Teneriffe blackens the ocean for fifteen miles with his majestic shadow dilated upon the waves. Then the snowy Chimborazo cleaving the sky with his wedge-like shoulders, arose before me; and the exalted summit of volcanic Cotopaxi—both glooming the Andes with shade. Then Ida, and Pindus, and Olympus, were made visible to my spirit. I beheld the fauns and satyrs bounding and dancing in the shadows of these classic mountains, while the Grecian maids walked in beauty along their sides, singing to their full-toned lyres, and perchance discoursing of love, screened from the noontide sun. Then I flew away to the vales of Scotland—to Corrichoich, cooled by the black shade of Morven; to the GREAT GLEN, where, at sunset and sunrise, the image of Bennevis lies reflected many a rood upon its surface, and the Lochy murmurs under a canopy of mountain cloud.

I paused at the door for some time, uncertain whether to enter; at last my mind was made up, and I knocked, resolved to encounter the Man-Mountain a second time, and, if possible, recover the lost glances of Julia. On entering the dining-room, I found an accession to the company in the person of our landlord, who sat opposite to Mr. Tims, listening to some facetious story which the latter gentleman seemed in the act of relating. He had come home during my absence, and, like his wife and her niece, appeared to be fascinated by the eloquence and humor of his stout friend. At least, so I judged, for he merely recognised my presence by a slight bow, and devoted the whole of his attention to the owner of the mighty shadow. Julia and her aunt were similarly occupied, and I was more neglected than ever.

I felt horribly annoyed. There was a palpable injustice in the whole case, which to me was utterly unendurable; and my wrath boiled over in

fierce but bootless vehemence. The subjects on which the company conversed were various, but the staple theme was love. Mr. Tims related some of his own love adventures, which were, doubtless, sufficiently amusing, if we may judge by the shouts of laughter they elicited from all the party—myself only excepted.

Perhaps the reader may think that there was something ludicrous in the idea of such a man being in love. Not at all—the notion was sublime; almost as sublime as his shadow—almost as overwhelming as his person. Conceive the Man-Mountain playing the amiable with a delicate young creature like Julia. Conceive him falling on his knees before her—pressing her delicate hand, and “popping the question,” while his large round eyes shed tears of affection and suspense, and his huge side shook with emotion! Conceive him enduring all the pangs of love-sickness—never telling his love; “concealment, like a worm in the bud, preying upon his damask cheek,” while his hard-hearted mistress stood disdainfully by, “like pity on a monument, smiling at grief.” Above all, conceive him taking the lover’s leap—say from Dunnet or Duncansby-head, where the rocks tower four hundred feet above the Pentland Firth, and floundering in the waters like an enormous whale; the herring shoals hurrying away from his unwieldy gambols, as from the presence of the real sea-born leviathan. Cacus in love was not more grand, or the gigantic Polyphemus, sighing at the feet of Galatea, or infernal Pluto looking amiable beside his ravished queen. Have you seen an elephant in love? If you have, you may conceive what Mr. Tims would be in that interesting situation.

Supper was brought in. It consisted of eggs, cold veal, bacon-ham, and a Welsh rabbit. I must confess, that, perplexed as I was by all the previous events of the evening, I felt a gratification at the present moment, in the anxiety to see how the Man-Mountain would comport himself at

table. I had beheld his person and his shadow with equal admiration, and I doubted not that his powers of eating were on the same great scale as his other qualifications.—They were indeed. Zounds, how he did eat! Milo of Grotona, who could kill an ox with the blow of his fist, and devour it afterwards, was nothing to him; I felt as if he could consume a whole flock of oxen. He was a Cyclops, a Pantagruel, a Gargantua: his stomach resembled the sieve of the homicidal daughters of Danaus; it was insatiable. Cold veal, eggs, bacon-ham, and Welsh rabbit disappeared “like the baseless fabric of a vision, and left not a wreck behind;” so thoroughly had nine-tenths of them taken up their abode in the *bread basket* (vide John Bee) of the Man-Mountain; the remaining tenth sufficed for the rest of the company, viz. Julia, her aunt, her aunt’s husband, and myself.

Liquor was brought in, to wit, wine, brandy, whisky, and rum. I felt an intense curiosity to see on which of the four Mr. Tims would fix his choice. He fixed upon brandy, and made a capacious tumbler of hot toddy. I did the same, and asked Julia to join me in taking a single glass—I was forestalled by the Man-Mountain. I then asked the lady of the house the same thing, but was forestalled by her husband. These repeated disappointments overwhelmed me with rage and despair; and to add to my other pangs, the fiend of Jealousy, wreathed with snakes like the Fury Tisiphone, appeared before me—for I noticed Julia and Mr. Tims interchanging mutual glances, and blushing deeply when detected. The Man-Mountain was, after all, a person of sensibility—a man of fine feelings—a reader doubtless of the *Sketch Book*—subject to fits of melancholy, and very sentimental.

Meanwhile, the evening wearing on, the ladies retired, and Mr. Tims, the landlord, and myself, were left to ourselves. This was the signal for a fresh assault upon the brandy-bottle. Another tumbler was made—then an-

other—then a fourth. At this period Julia appeared at the door, and beckoned upon the landlord, who arose from the table, saying he would rejoin us immediately. Mr. Tims and I were thus left alone, and so we continued, for the landlord—strange to say—did not again appear. What became of him I know not. I supposed he had gone to bed, and left his *great* friend and myself to pass the time as we were best able.

We were now commencing our fifth tumbler, and I began to feel my whole spirit pervaded by the most delightful sensations. My heart beat quicker, my head sat more lightly than usual upon my shoulders; and sounds like the distant hum of bees, or the music of the spheres, heard in echo afar off, floated around me. There was no bar between me and perfect happiness, but the Man-Mountain, who sat on the great elbow-chair opposite, drinking his brandy-toddy, and occasionally humming an old song with the utmost indifference.

It was plain that he despised me. While any of the others were present he was abundantly loquacious, but now he was as dumb as a fish—tippling in silence, and answering such questions as I put to him in abrupt monosyllables. The thing was intolerable, but I saw into it: Julia had played me false; the "Mountain" was the man of her choice, and I his despised and contemptible rival.

These ideas passed rapidly through my mind, and were accompanied with myriads of others. I bethought me of everything connected with Mr. Tims—his love for Julia—his elephantine dimensions, and his shadow, huge and imposing as the image of the moon against the orb of day, during an eclipse. Then I was transported away to the Arctic sea, where I saw him floundering many a rood, "hugest of those that swim the ocean stream." Then he was a Kraken fish, outspread like an island upon the deep: then a mighty black cloud affrighting the mariners with its presence: then a flying island, like that which greeted the be-

wildered eyes of Gulliver. At last he resumed his human shape, and sat before me like "Andes, giant of the Western Star,"—tippling the jorum, and sighing deeply.

Yes, he sighed profoundly, passionately, tenderly; and the sighs came from his breast like blasts of wind from the cavern of Eolus. By Jove, he was in love; in love with Julia! and I thought it high time to probe him to the quick.

"Sir," said I, "you must be conscious that you have no right to love Julia. You have no right to put your immense body between her and me. She is my betrothed bride, and mine she shall be forever."

"I have weighty reasons for loving her," replied Mr. Tims.

"Were your reasons as weighty as your person, you *shall not* love her."

"She *shall* be mine," responded he, with a deeply-drawn sigh. "You cannot, at least, prevent her image from being enshrined in my heart. No, Julia! even when thou descendest to the grave thy remembrance will cause thee to live in my imagination, and I shall thus write thine elegy:

I cannot deem thee dead—like thy perfumes
Arising from Judea's vanished shrines
Thy voice still floats around me—nor can
tombs
A thousand, from my memory hide the lines
Of beauty, on thine aspect which abode,
Like streaks of sunshine pictured there by
God.

She shall be mine," continued he in the same strain. "Prose and verse shall woo her for my lady-love; and she shall blush and hang her head in modest joy, even as the rose when listening to the music of her beloved bulbul beneath the stars of night."

These amorous effusions, and the tone of insufferable affectation with which they were uttered, roused my corruption to its utmost pitch, and I exclaimed aloud, "Think not, thou revivification of Falstaff—thou enlarged edition of Lambert—thou folio of humanity—thou Titan—thou Briareus—thou Sphynx—thou Goliath of Gath, that I shall bend beneath thy ponderous insolence!" The Mountain was

ment of Jeremy Taylor receives at each turn of the sentence a new flexure—or what may be called a separate articulation:* old thoughts are surveyed from novel stations and under various angles: and a field absolutely exhausted throws up eternally fresh verdure under the fructifying lava of burning imagery. *Human life*, for example, is short—*human happiness is frail*: how trite, how obvious a thesis! Yet, in the beginning of the *Holy Dying*, upon that simplest of themes how magnificent a descendant! Variations the most original upon a ground the most universal, and a sense of novelty diffused over truths coeval with human life! Finally, it may be remarked of the imagery in the French rhetoric, that it is thinly sown, common-place, deficient in splendor, and, above all, merely ornamental; that is to say, it does no more than echo and repeat what is already said in the thought which it is brought to illustrate; whereas, in Jeremy Taylor, and in Burke, it will be found usually to extend and amplify the thought, or to fortify it by some indirect argument of its truth. Thus, for instance, in a passage† of J. Taylor, upon the insensibility of man to the continual mercies of God, at first view the mind is staggered by the apparent impossibility that so infinite a reality, and of so continual a recurrence, should escape our notice; but the illustrative image, drawn from the case of a man standing at the bottom of the ocean, and yet insensible to that world of waters

above him, from the uniformity and equality of its pressure, flashes upon us with a sense of something equally marvellous, in a case which we know to be a physical fact. We are thus reconciled to the proposition, by the same image which illustrates it.

Since the time we have referred to, the very same developement of science and public business, operated in France and in England, to stifle the rhetorical impulses, and all those analogous tendencies in arts and in manners which support it. Generally it may be assumed that rhetoric will not survive the age of the ceremonious in manners, and the gorgeous in costume. An unconscious sympathy binds together the various forms of the elaborate and the fanciful, under every manifestation. Hence it is that the national convulsions by which modern France has been shaken, produced orators, Mirabeau, Isnard, the Abbé Maury, but no rhetoricians. Florian, Chateaubriand, and others, who have written the most florid prose that the modern taste can bear, are elegant sentimentalists, sometimes maudlin and semi-poetic, sometimes even eloquent, but never rhetorical. There is no eddying about their own thoughts; no motion of fancy self-sustained from its own activities; no flux and reflux of thought, half meditative, half capricious; but strains of feeling, genuine or not, supported at every step from the excitement of independent external objects.

In a single mechanical quality of

* We take the opportunity of noticing what it is that constitutes the peculiar and characterizing circumstance in Burke's manner of composition. It is this,—that under his treatment every truth, be it what it may, every thesis of a sentence, grows in the very act of unfolding it. Take any sentence you please from Dr. Johnson, suppose, and it will be found to contain a thought—good or bad—fully preconceived. Whereas, in Burke, whatever may have been the preconception, it receives a new determination or inflection at every clause of the sentence. Some collateral adjunct of the main proposition, some temperament or restraint, some oblique glance at its remote affinities, will invariably be found to attend the progress of his sentences—like the spray from a waterfall, or the scintillations from the iron under the blacksmith's hammer. Hence, whilst a writer of Dr. Johnson's class seems only to look back upon his thoughts, Burke looks forward—and does in fact advance and change his own station concurrently with the advance of the sentences. This peculiarity is no doubt in some degree due to the habit of extempore speaking, but not to that only.

† “His mercies are more than we can tell, and they are more than we can feel: for all the world, in the abyss of the Divine mercies, is like a man diving into the bottom of the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight is vast, and the sum of them is immeasurable: and the man is not pressed with the burden, nor confounded with numbers: and no observation is able to recount, no sense sufficient to perceive, no memory large enough to retain, no understanding great enough to apprehend this infinity.”—TAYLOR.

good writing, that is, in the structure of their sentences, the French rhetoricians, in common with French writers generally of that age, are superior to ours. In the age of our great rhetoricians, it is remarkable that the English language had never been made an object of conscious attention. No man seems to have reflected that there was a wrong and a right in the choice of words—in the choice of phrases—in the mechanism of sentences—or even in the grammar. Men wrote eloquently, because they wrote feelingly: they wrote idiomatically, because they wrote naturally, and without affectation: but if a false or accephalous structure of sentence,—if a barbarous idiom—or an exotic word happened to present itself, no writer of the 17th century seems to have had any such scrupulous sense of the dignity belonging to his own language, as should make it a duty to reject it, or worth his while to re-model a line. The fact is, that verbal criticism had

not as yet been very extensively applied even to the classical languages: the Scaligers, Casaubon, and Salmasius, were much more critics on things than critics philologically. However, even in that age, the French writers were more attentive to the cultivation of their mother tongue, than any other people. It is justly remarked by Schlegel, that the most worthless writers among the French, as to matter, generally take pains with their diction; or perhaps it is more true to say, that with equal pains, in their language it is more easy to write well than in one of greater compass. It is also true, that the French are indebted for their greater purity from foreign idioms, to their much more limited acquaintance with foreign literature. Still, with every deduction from the merit, the fact is as we have said; and it is apparent, not only by innumerable evidences in the *concrete*, but by the superiority of all their *abstract* auxiliaries in the art of writing.

THE PREDICTION.

YES, wreath thy golden locks, fair Maid,
Yes, deck thy blooming bower,
And tune thy lute, though clouds invade,
And gathering tempests lower.

The storm will come, thy flowers shall die,
Thy lute's sweet strings be rent,
And thou shalt view their wreck, yet sigh
O'er them no fond lament.

For he, the loved, the cherished youth,
For whom thou bidst them smile,
Ere then, shall own his changeful truth,
And tell thee of his guile.

Poor trusting Maid! thy falling tears
Too soon will mix with mine;
I weep to think how sad appears
The fate of thee and thine.

Thy speech can like thy lute delight
With music sweet and rare,
The roses on thy cheek are bright,
As those upon thy hair.

Yet what, alas! in one short hour,
Will this gay scene impart?
A broken lute—a blighted bower—
A torn and bleeding heart!

EDINBURGH.

THE Queen of the North is of an excellent size; and we hope that, during our day, she will not greatly expand her dimensions. There ought always to be a bright embroidered belt of villas, a mile broad at least, between her and the sea; and surely She will not tread upon the feet of the old Pentlands. We could heave the pensive sigh—almost drop

the pensive tear—to remember the hundreds of sweet, snug, sheltered, cozy cottages—not thatched, but slated—with lattice-windows, and haply Venetian blinds—front-trelliced—and with gable-end rich in its jargonelle, “all wede away” by the irresistible “march of stone and lime,” charging in close street, and then taking up position in hollow square, on every knoll

and brae in the neighborhood. How many pretty little blossoming gardens does the Spring now in vain desecrate! Are there any such things now-a-days, we wonder, as retired citizens? Old, decent, venerable husband and wife, living about a mile, or two miles even, out of town, always to be found at home when you stroll out to see how the worthy pair are getting on, either sitting each on an opposite arm-chair, with a bit sma' lassie, grandchild perhaps, or perhaps only an orphan servant girl, treated as if she were a grandchild, between them on a stool, and who was evidently reading the Bible as you entered; or the two, not far from one another in the garden—he pruning, it may be, the fruit-trees, for he is a great gardener, and rejoices in the Golden Pippin—she busy with the flowers, among which we offer you a pound for every weed, so exquisitely fine the care that tends those gorgeous beds of anemones and polyanthuses, or pinks, and carnations, on which every dewy morning Flora descends from heaven to brighten the glory with her smiles! But we are relapsing into the pathetic, so let us remark that a Capital should always be proportioned to a Country—and verily, Scotland carries hers, like a fine phrenological developement, on a broad back and shoulders, and looks stately among the nations. And never—never—this is our morning and evening prayer—never may she need to hang down that head in shame, but may she lift it up, crested with glory, till the blue skies themselves shall be no more—till cease the ebbing and the flowing of that sun-bright sea!

But never in all her annals were found together Shame and Scotland. Sir William Wallace has not left Shame one single dark cavern wherein to hide her head. Be thou Bold, Free, Patriotic, as of old, gathered up in thyself within thy native mountains, yet hospitable to the high-souled Southron, as thou wert ever wont to be even in the days of Bannockburn and Flodden!—To thine

eye, as of old, be dear each slip of blue sky, glimpsing through the storm—each cloud-cleaving hill-top, Ben-nevis, Cairn-gorm, Cruachan—Spire pointing to heaven through the dense city-cloud, or from the solitary brae—Baronial hall or castle sternly dilapidating in slow decay—humble hut, that sinks an unregarded ruin, like some traditionless cairn—or shieling, that, like the nest of the small brown moorland bird, is renewed every spring, lasting but one summer in its remotest glen! To thine ears, as of old, be

“Dear the wild music of the mountain wave,
Breaking along the shores of liberty!”

Dear the thunder of the cataract heard, when the sky is without a cloud, and the rain is over and gone—heard by the deer-stalker, standing like a shadow, leagues off, or moving for hours slow as a shadow, guided by the antlers. Dear be the yell of the unseen eagle in the sky, and dear, where “no falcon is abroad for prey,” the happy moaning of the cushat in the grove—the lilting of the lintwhite among broom and brier—the rustle of the wing of the lonesome Robin-red-breast in the summer-woods—his sweet pipe on the barn or byre-riggin’ in autumn, through all winter long his peck at the casement, and his dark-eyed hopping round the hearth! Be thine ever a native, not an alien spirit, and ever on thy lips, sweet Scotia! may there hang the music of thy own Doric tongue.

Nor vain the hope, for it is in heaven! A high philosophy has gone out from the sages of thy cities into the loneliest recesses of the hills. The student sits by the ingle of his father’s straw-roofed shed, or lies in leisure, released from labor, among the broomy banks and braes of the wimpling burn, and pores and meditates over the pages of Reid, and Fergusson, and Stewart, and Brown,—wise benefactors of the race. Each valed “sings aloud old songs, the music of the heart,”—the poetry of Burns the deathless shall brighten forever the cottar’s hearth—Campbell is by all

beloved—and the high harp of Scott shall sound forever in all thy halls. And more solemn, more sacred, all over the land are heard,—

"Those strains that once did sweet in Sion glide,"

the songs, mournful in their majesty, of the woe-denouncing, sin-dooming Prophets of old, of which the meanings are still profound to the ear of nations that listen to them aright—for there is a taint at the core of all their hearts, and not one single land on the face of the whole earth, strong as it may be in its simplicity, that hath not reason to dread that one day or other may be its own—the doom of the mighty Babylon!

But lo! a soft sweet smile of showery sunshine—and our hearts are touched by a sudden mirth.

"Then said I, Master, pleasant is this place."

A pleasanter city is no where to be seen—neither sea-shore nor inland, but between the two, and uniting the restlessness of the one situation with the quietness of the other,—there green waves leaping like Furies, here green hills fixed like Fate,—there white sails gliding, here white tents pitched,—there—you can hardly see it even

with a telescopic eye—the far-off Bass, from whose cliffs, perhaps at this very moment, the flashing fowling-piece has scared a yelling cloud of sea-birds,—there the near Castle-Rock thundering a royal salute,—there masts unnumbered, here roofs multitudinous,—there Neptune, here Apollo,—together, sea, sun, earth, and heaven, all in one—a perfect Poem!

Verily it is a pleasant place, and pleasant are the people who inhabit it, through all their grades. The students at the University are pleasant—so are the professors. The shopkeepers are pleasant—so are the citizens in general—pleasant are the advocates—pleasant every W. S.—are not the ministers of the city pleasant as they are pious?—pleasant are the country gentlemen who come hither to educate their sons and daughters, forgetful of corn bills—and pleasant, O, Edina! are the strangers within thy gates! Up and down, down and up the various steps of thy society do we delight to crutch it; nor can we complain of a cold reception from the palace in Moray Place to the box at Newington. Yea, verily, Edinburgh is a pleasant place, and pleasant are its inhabitants.

THE RUINED CITY.*

SOME one beautifully says of Greece—"her very tombs are altars;" and it is by their side the poet would choose his most efficient stand when he combats the worldly wise, armed with systems and pamphlets, who question the utility of poetry, and would have the world of imagination merged in the active and actual one. Many soils are as much summer's favorites; all her natural advantages, green wood and shining river, are to be found even lovelier in other lands; but what country has a name that at once goes from the ear to the heart, and calls up all that is elevated in our nature—the noble hope of the patriot—the aspiring

dream of the bard, who paints earth with the hues of heaven, for he draws from his own consciousness of immortality,—what country has so intellectual a memory as Greece? And to whom does she owe this mental eternity but to her poets? for her historians, her philosophers, were poets too; and every noble thought, every generous deed recorded of the past, stirs the feverish and troubled waves of the present as with an angel's wing, that heals and purifies wherever it touches. Nay, even the dark record of guilt has its benefit, startling our thoughtless to-day, like a warning such as was given by the skeleton at the Egyptian feast

* *The Ruined City*: a Poem. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 12mo. pp. 32. London, 1828.

—at once sad and fearful. No marvel that a young poet, on visiting such a land, should find his thoughts, like the fountains of the fairy tale, leap forth in music. The author says: "A few years ago, a party of English gentlemen, travelling in the Morea, conceived the idea of visiting some of the ruins of ancient Greece by moonlight. This was executed accordingly, during one of the most splendid nights of eastern summer; and an account of the effect produced, given by one of the travellers to the author, suggested the following little poem." Poetry was the only language which could speak of such scenes; and what praise do we not give Mr. James when we say he was worthy to have seen them? We frankly own we have been delighted with this little poem: the elegant versification, which gives fitting utterance to thoughts touched with the beauty they seek to embody—the melancholy musing—the mingled memory of a glorious past, broken in upon by the striking realities of the present—the vein of half sad and half bitter philosophy,—speak the truly poetic mind—one on whose lips alone should the name of Greece ever rest. But let our readers use their own judgment.

"Parent of contemplation! Night sublime!
Thou equal sharer in the throne of time,
I court thy friendly shade. Let man delight
In glitt'ring sunbeams and in noisy light;
To courts and crowds I willingly resign
The gaudy day: be night's calm silence mine.

Meanwhile, the sun's pale sister calmly shone
On those memorials of the ages gone,
Looking so placid on that soulless scene,
So calmly sweet, so pensively serene,
It seemed as if she mark'd a world's decay,
Not feelingless; but poured her lucid ray
Upon the remnants of the past, and drew
Some comment, sweet and solemn, from the view.

Beneath were column, sepulchre, and bust,
Prostrate once more in their primeval dust:
The melancholy records left alone
Of thousands honor'd, and of thousands gone.
Before my steps a nation's dwellings lay—
The earth I trod upon, a nation's clay—
And here and there the letter'd stone would show
Some long-lived monument of short-lived woe,
Telling how Dion died, how Ulpia wept,
Where Ilis rotted, or where Simo slept;
For the first steps within that city led
Among the mansions of its ancient dead."

How true the next extract!

"We are mad gamblers in this world below,
All hopes on one uncertain die to throw,
How vain is man's pursuit, with passion blind,
To follow that which leaves us still behind!
Go! clasp the shadow, make it all thine own,
Place on the flying breeze thine airy throne;
Weave the thin sunbeams of the morning sky;
Catch the light April clouds before they fly;
Chase the bright sun unto the fading west,
And wake him early from his golden rest;
Seeking th' impossible, let life be past,
But never dream of pleasure that shall last.

Of in my infancy, when joys were young,
And, Hope! thy siren voice most sweetly sung,
O'er the green meadow and the April plain
I've chased the varied bow of heaven in vain—
Followed its hues, transparent as they shone,
And woo'd its fleeting splendor for mine own.
In after years, when beauty's fairer beam
Rose to my eyes in loveliness supreme,
Beauty I followed, and as fondly too
As e'er I chased yon arch of painted dew.
Next came the love of glory, and the dream
Of winning fame; I felt my bosom teem
With thoughts and feelings deep, and such as

lead,
When rightly taught, to honor's shining meed;
No matter now what might such dream destroy,
Hope! 'twas like all thy gifts, a gilded toy.
Each splendid trifle that thou hang'st in air
Is to man's fancy but a glittering snare:
Thyself the Iris of life's changeful skies;
And still man follows where the rainbow flies.

But shall he yet, when often thy deceit
Has taught astray to roam his weary feet,
Believe the lying vision he has proved,
And fix his eyes on things in vain beloved?
Yes, even so! To life's remotest gleam,
The truant still shall chase thy flying beam;
Till through the vale of death, in glory bright,
The star of hope be fixed before his sight!
No transient beam, no evanescent ray,
But the full brilliance of eternal day."

"No! let man's epitaph be writ on hearts;
Grief be his scutcheon when his soul departs;
The widow's sorrow his emblazonment;
The orphan's woe his fun'ral monument;
The good man's pity and the poor man's tear
The noblest trophies that adorn his bier.
Oh! when the inevitable hour be come,
And, 'midst past things men delve my latest home,

Let me be mourned by gratitude and worth,
And fond affection lay me in the earth;
Place o'er my lowly grave no haughty pile;
Write on my unstained tomb no flattery vile;
I would not men should come and scold to read
One doubtful record of my life or deed.
No! rest my name in memory alone,
A purer tablet than the Parian stone.
Let friends remember me! when these are not,
Or I forgotten—let me be forgot!"

We cannot neglect the annexed exquisite sketch.

"Such once I knew; from cold earth past away,
A flower that bloomed and withered in a day;

Her voice was music, and a magic wile,
Born in the sweet persuasion of her smile,
Stole to the heart, like those bright summer
beams

That fill the bosom with enchanted dreams ;
And as she moved, the graces round her thrown
Might have called blushes from the Phidian
stone.

Her eyes, as April's morning skies, were blue,
As soft, as pure, and once as playful too ;
Young melody delighted in her sigh ;
Her lip was love, her soul was harmony.
Much was her joy to mark the opening spring,
And list while birds its welcoming would sing ;
Or wander through the forest's budding shade,
'Midst youthful boughs in tender green arrayed,
*What time the young pale flow'ret's early
bloom,*

And rise like spirits from their wintry tomb.
But when the earth upheld the golden sheaf,
She'd mourn to see her much-loved summer
leaf

Fall to the autumn ground, and fading flowers
Drop their light honors 'neath the passing
hours ;

For shadowed forth through nature she would
see

Prophetic lines of human destiny.

Yet much delighted she in every shade
By the world's variegated robe displayed ;

For infant poesy possessed her heart,
Which scarce herself would own, and knew
not to impart.

But yet at times a something more than thought,
Like a dark cloud o'er summer landscape
brought,

Would hang upon her ; and with silent glance
She'd gaze upon the blue sky's deep expanse.
It seemed as if her soul had ta'en its flight
To wander in its realms of native light ;
To sojourn for a space in joy on high,
Then sorrowing leave its dwelling in the sky—
And then a glistening tear, uncalled, would fill
her eye.

She was not made for earth, a thing so fair
Seemed formed a higher destiny to share."

It is perhaps a stretch of prerogative
to make a work printed for private
circulation the subject of public criti-
cism ; but we expect from our readers
thanks ; and to Mr. James we can on-
ly say, that poetry, like mercy, " is
twice blessed, it blesses him that gives
and him that takes." The bard were
no true poet who " did but wake his
music for himself."

VARIETIES.

" Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

THE love of flowers seems a natu-
rally implanted passion, without any
alloy or debasing object as a motive :
the cottage has its pink, its rose, its
polyanthus ; the villa its geranium, its
dahlia, and its clematis ; we cherish
them in youth, we admire them in de-
clining days ; but, perhaps, it is the
early flowers of spring that always
bring with them the greatest degree of
pleasure, and our affections seem im-
mediately to expand at the sight of
the first opening blossom under the
sunny wall or sheltered bank, howe-
ver humble its race may be. In the
long and sombre months of winter our
love of nature, like the buds of vege-
tation, seems closed and torpid ; but,
like them, it unfolds and reanimates
with the opening year, and we wel-
come our long-lost associates with a
cordiality that no other season can ex-
cite, as friends in a foreign clime.
The violet of autumn is greeted with
none of the love with which we hail

the violet of spring : it is unsea-
sonable ; perhaps it brings with it ra-
ther a thought of melancholy than of
joy ; we view it with curiosity, not af-
fection ; and thus the late is not like
the early rose. It is not intrinsic
beauty or splendor that so charms us ;
for the fair maids of spring cannot com-
pete with the grander matrons of the
advanced year ; they would be unheed-
ed, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of
summer and of autumn : no ; it is our
first meeting with a long-lost friend,
the reviving glow of a natural affec-
tion, that so warms us at this season.
To maturity they give pleasure, as a
harbinger of the renewal of life, a sig-
nal of awakening nature, or of a high-
er promise ; to youth, they are expand-
ing being, opening years, hilarity, and
joy ; and the child, let loose from the
house, riots in the flowery mead, and is

" Monarch of all he surveys."

There is not a prettier emblem of
spring than an infant sporting in the
sunny field, with its osier-basket

wreathed with butter-cups, orchises, and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbors—in harmony and good-will; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

LONGEVITY.

There is now living at Penboyr, Carmarthenshire, a female of the patriarchal age of 108 years, in perfect possession of all her faculties, with the exception that her hearing is very slightly impaired. She frequently travels eight or even ten miles a day, generally barefooted, while her shoes and sandals are snugly lodged under her arm, until she approaches the precincts of a village, when her feelings of economy give way to her sense of propriety, and the aforesaid habiliments are transferred from under her arm to her feet. Two females died in that town within the last twelve months, whose united ages amounted to 208 years; and there are two women now living whose joint ages exceed 200 years.

AURORA BOREALIS.

A singular modification of the *aurora borealis* was observed in the vicinity of Hull, in the evening of the 26th of December. It wore the appearance of a broad belt of pale, but very vivid light, forming the segment of an immense circle. It was visible for nearly an hour.

UTILITY OF TOADS IN GARDENS.

Practical men have been long aware that toads live chiefly on insects, particularly beetles; some have even made it a point to place them on their hot-beds, for the purpose of destroying wood-lice, ear-wigs, &c. A correspondent, Mr. Reeve, who has long employed toads as guardians of his melon and cucumber frames, fully corroborates all that has been said respecting their usefulness in such situations, and is so attentive to them that when they have cleared his beds of insects, and he finds them uneasy in their confinement, he actually feeds them, in order to keep them there.

He offers them the different insects which are considered noxious in gardens, all of which they devour; even slugs are eaten by them; and if so, this despised reptile must be a beneficial assistant to the gardener at times, and in a way he is at present but little acquainted with.

GALL.

Driven by ridicule from the mystical appellative "Craniology," and subsequently from the more imposing name of "Phrenology," the disciples of Gall have very lately adopted the word "Cephalology," as a title for their doctrine. Dr. Fossati, a very ingenious and skilful Italian anatomist settled in Paris, the pupil and intimate friend of the inventor of that doctrine, has lately announced, with the authority of government, and in his capacity of successor to Gall, a course of Lectures on *Cephalologie*.

GENIUS DEFINED.

A wit being asked what the word *genius* meant, replied, "If you had it in you, you would not ask the question; but as you have not, you will never know what it means."

FIRES.

M. Aldini, of Milan, has invented a dress which enables the wearer to traverse with impunity the flames of a large fire, for the purpose of rescuing those who may be exposed to their fury, or of saving property from destruction. This dress is composed of a tissue of asbestos, which it is well known is not combustible, covered with metallic gauze, through which it is also well known flame will not penetrate. The forms of the parts of which the dress consists, seem to have been suggested to M. Aldini by ancient armor. It is so contrived, however, as to leave the body and limbs at perfect liberty to make whatever efforts necessity may require. M. Aldini, with great liberality, has announced that if any government or academical body is desirous of profiting by his invention, and will address

a letter to him on the subject (free of postage) to Milan, or to Bologna, he will send in return drawings and models, or even a complete suit constructed according to his directions.

EDUCATION OF TEACHERS IN GERMANY.

In Germany, seminaries for the education of popular teachers are conducted by distinguished divines of each state, who, for the most part, reside in the capital, and are the same persons who examine each clergyman three times before his ordination. Unless a candidate can give evidence of his ability, and of, at least, a two years' stay in those popular institutions where religious instruction is the main object, he is not allowed to teach any branch of knowledge whatever.

"There are whom heaven has blessed with
store of wit,
Who want as much again to manage it."

INDUSTRY.

The heart and mind can as little lie barren as the earth whereon we move and have our being, and which, if it produce not herbs and fruit meet for the use of man, will be overrun with weeds and thorns. Muley Ismael, a personage of tyrannical celebrity in his day, always employed his troops in some active and useful work, when they were not engaged in war, "to keep them," he said, "from being devoured by the worm of indolence." In the same spirit one of our Elizabethan poets delivered his wholesome advice:—

"Eschew the idle vein,
Flee, flee from doing nought!
For never was there idle brain
But bred an idle thought."

The following is the state of Knutsford gaol in Cheshire, at the *beginning* of the year 1829:—For trial at the sessions, on charges of felony, 73; on charges of misdemeanor, 17; for Congleton sessions, 3; convicted prisoners, 157; total, 250; of which are, males 212; females 38, total 250 prisoners, and *eleven* children!—

"The police expenses for this county last year," said the chairman at the quarter sessions, to the grand jury, "were at least £15,000; and in Stockport alone, £2,400, whilst the county rate collected in that town was only £904!"

By the annual return of the number of vessels and tonnage which have entered the port of Liverpool last year, it appears that there was an increase of 1,025 vessels, and 67,033 tons, while the duties present a decrease of £2,742 4s. 5d.; in the year 1827 they being £155,211 13s. 1d., in 1828, £152,469 9s.

A new sect of Christians has sprung up at Grassington, in Craven. They call themselves Nazarine Canaites, who believe that no religious assemblies are lawful except they are held in a barn, as our Lord was born in one.

Men keep their word simply because it is *right* to do so. They feel it is right, and ask no further questions. Conscience carries along with it its own authority—its own credentials. The depraved appetites may rebel against it, but they are aware that it is rebellion.

Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapor and a bubble, were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbor such a feeling, this, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, this it is which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

Mr. Southey is engaged in preparing for the press a new edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*—with a life of the author, and explanatory notes on the work. This announcement will excite no little interest among those who are acquainted with the extraordinary acquirements of Mr. Southey in connexion with lore of this peculiar kind, and the singular skill that he possesses in turning it to a popular account.